

The Outlook

Vol. 65

August 11, 1900

No. 15

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

The North Carolina Election.....	841	The Danger of Imperialism.....	857
The Prohibition Campaign.....	843	The Spectator.....	859
The Difficulties of Fusion.....	844		
The Seizure at Managua.....	844	CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:	
The Cuban Constitutional Assembly.....	845	Lord Roberts's March to Pretoria.	
China: The Morrison Letter.....	846	I.—Bloemfontein to Kroonstad.....	861
Peking.....	847	By James Barnes	
The Campaign in China.....	848	The Every-Day Washington.....	868
The Boer War.....	849	By Lillian W. Betts	
Boer Sentiment in Europe.....	849	The Holy Medal.....	874
The Italian Embassy.....	850	By François Coppée. Translated by Anne	
Servia.....	850	S. Douglas	
The Northfield Conference.....	851	The Life and Literature of the Ancient	
Church Destruction.....	851	Hebrews. X.—The Book of Job.....	877
Civic Rights of Roman Catholics.....	852	By Lyman Abbott	
The Right of Privacy.....	852		
Mr. Z. R. Brockway.....	852	BOOKS AND AUTHORS:	

EDITORIALS:

Anarchy and Italy.....	853	The Work of Women (International Con-	
The Awakening of China.....	855	gress of '99).....	881
		Books of the Week.....	882
		NOTES AND QUERIES.....	884
		CORRESPONDENCE.....	885

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The North Carolina Election The amendment to the North Carolina Constitution has been carried by an overwhelming majority, nearly sixty thousand. This amendment provides: (1) That every person presenting himself for registration must be able to read and write any section of the Constitution written in the English language, and have paid his poll tax; (2) Provided that no male person entitled to vote on January 1, 1867, or prior thereto, and no descendant of any such person shall be disfranchised by the amendment; (3) Provided he shall have registered prior to December 1, 1908; and (4) That all persons so registered shall forever thereafter have the right to vote in all elections, if they have paid their poll tax. It is not strange that both the object and the effect of this rather complicated and cumbrous provision has been a matter of some perplexity and some imperfect and partial representation. The first clause standing alone would confine the suffrage to persons able to read and write English. The second clause added to it would extend the right of suffrage practically to all the white males in the State, and these two clauses together would have the effect to disfranchise all illiterate negroes and enfranchise all illiterate whites. The third proviso modifies the other two and excludes all illiterate whites who come to the age of twenty-one after 1908. If this amendment to the Constitution shall itself be held constitutional, the net result will be this: All citizens, whether black or white, who can read and write the English language can vote; all white citizens of North Carolina, exclusive of foreign immigrants, who come of age before 1908 can vote, whether they can read and write the English language or not; and finally,

no white citizens of the State who come of age after 1908 can vote unless they can read and write the English language. So much for the effect of the amendment.



North Carolina Politics To understand its object the reader must take into account the previous history of the State. In the western or mountainous part of the State, slave labor was never profitable. In consequence of this fact the population there is almost exclusively white. The people of these mountain counties were necessarily much poorer than the white people of the rest of the State, and also were much more illiterate, and the contempt with which they were sometimes treated by the slave-owners of the lowlands was returned by no small measure of hatred even before the Civil War broke out. When the war came the mountaineers stood loyally by the Union, and rendered most efficient service to its armies through the long contest. When the war ended they entered the Republican party *en masse*, and because of their influence North Carolina remained a Republican State until 1876. When the Democrats gained control in that year they so modified the system of government that the judges and justices of the peace in the various counties were elected by the Legislature instead of by the people, and these judicial officers chose the county magistrates, having charge of the finances. In this way county self-government was largely abrogated throughout the State, in order to prevent negro control in any of the counties. The State remained Democratic until 1894, when the formation of the Populist party out of the Farmers' Alliance and its natural fusion with the

Republican party (which had represented the poorer classes) drove the Democrats out of power. The allied parties now in control restored a large measure of county self-government, and through its restoration about thirteen hundred negro officials, chiefly justices of the peace and policemen, were elected or appointed. This was followed in 1898 by a political reaction; the Democrats made white supremacy the paramount issue, and swept the State by about eighteen thousand majority over the combined opposition of the Republicans and Populists.

The Disfranchisement Amendment

The Legislature elected in 1898 made its chief work the framing of the constitutional amendment above described, the object of which has been differently interpreted. Some of its advocates frankly avowed their aim to be simply the disfranchisement of the negro, whose participation in the Government is unquestionably repugnant to an overwhelming majority of Southern whites. Others declared that they made no objection to votes by intelligent negroes, but would not be ruled by ignorant negroes. But it was impossible to disfranchise the negro because he is a negro, since the Fifteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution prohibits any such race discrimination; it was equally impossible to secure a majority for an amendment which would disfranchise white men who already possessed the franchise, and impracticable to secure a majority for a provision which would disfranchise their sons just coming to maturity. About one-quarter of the white voters in North Carolina are illiterate, and these men would have secured the overwhelming defeat of any constitutional amendment which disqualified them from voting. The legislators therefore followed substantially the plan adopted in Louisiana and embodied in the amendment as described above. When the campaign began, however, they found that fear was general among the white voters that, while the educational qualification clause would be sustained by the courts, the "grandfather" clause protecting white voters would be overthrown and that thus the white illiterates would suffer disfranchisement together

with the colored. To avoid the danger of this result, the legislators inserted in the amendment a new clause declaring that "this amendment to the Constitution is presented and adopted as one indivisible plan for the regulation of the suffrage, with the intent and purpose to so connect the different parts and to make them so dependent upon each other that the whole shall stand or fall together."



The Campaign and its Results

By means of this clause the hesitating illiterate white voters were convinced that their rights were not jeopardized, and a campaign of unexampled vigor for white supremacy was prosecuted all over the State. In the black counties about one-quarter of all the white population organized clubs of "Red Shirts," with the manifest purpose of overawing the negro voters. These clubs often marched armed, and, while politicians claimed that the "Red Shirts" and the rifles were merely picturesque features of the campaign, this claim cannot have been fully believed by the men who made it. In a few places Populist speakers were kept from holding meetings. In the county containing the city of Wilmington only about thirty negroes registered out of three thousand entitled to vote. Throughout the black section of the State there was practically no negro registration. Every one knew that the amendment would take away the voting rights of three-fifths of the colored race, yet the very men who were thus to be deprived of an influence upon the administration of the State feared to vote against it, and some of the more intelligent negroes secured the favor of the whites by supporting the amendment. The white Republicans of the State formally opposed the amendment, and, while the Populist party, as such, took no stand in the matter, most of the Populists united with the Republicans in this opposition. Nevertheless, these white champions of negro rights were not able to stem the tide of race feeling. As the campaign progressed, the certainty of Democratic victory increased, and few were surprised when the counting of the vote showed that the Democratic candidate for Governor and the amendment disqualifying illiterate

negroes both had a majority of nearly sixty thousand.

Comments on the
Election

It remains for us to express in a few words our judgment respecting this election and its results. If this amendment should be brought before the Supreme Court of the United States, as it probably will be, and if that court should see reason for the conviction that the object, however disguised, was really to disfranchise the blacks because they are blacks, it would necessarily hold the amendment unconstitutional. It is perfectly legitimate for a community to confine the suffrage to those who can read and write; it is not legitimate to give the suffrage to ignorant whites and deny it to educated blacks. In disfranchising those who possess the suffrage it is not illegitimate to distinguish between those who are just coming into possession of the ballot and those who have had it a third of a century. It might even be necessary in practical politics to include those who were just about to come into the possession of the suffrage and whose exclusion by a new educational qualification would arouse a hostility which would endanger the success of the amendment. But it ought not to take eight years for a North Carolina father to learn that his boy must be able to read and write in order to vote, and to secure for him the education which is made a prerequisite to the suffrage. And what is worse than anything in the provision itself is the violation throughout the State of the right of free discussion and the right to free suffrage in this election. Physical terror was employed to prevent negroes from voting; social terror to prevent white men from voting. Free discussion from the platform was prevented; free discussion in the press was threatened. These methods of carrying the amendment are far worse than the amendment itself. In this respect, the dishonor to the State of this election is greater than the dishonor inflicted upon it by the misbehavior of a comparatively small number of negro officials under what was miscalled "negro rule." Argument is possible for the amendment; argument would be plausible if for 1908 was substituted 1902; but there can be no defense, no apology, no

excuse for the methods which were employed to secure its adoption.

The Prohibition Campaign

The minor parties, the Prohibitionists and Socialists, are both expecting this year to increase enormously the vote they polled in 1896. The Socialist campaign, because of the division in the Socialist ranks, is not yet well under way, but the Prohibition campaign is already not only mapped out but begun. One novel feature is this year to be introduced. A campaign train has been chartered which, setting out from Chicago, is first to traverse the States of the Middle West, and then return to the East. This train will make it possible for the principal orators—including the Presidential candidate, Mr. Woolley—to address a large number of rural audiences each day, and in the evenings reach as many town and city audiences as they could have done without the train. Many towns and villages along the proposed route have already sent to the National Committee offering to pay the amount required for the special train meetings, and to defray all the expenses which the chartering of the train has entailed. The Prohibitionists base their claim of a largely increased vote chiefly upon the unpopularity of the canteen. Comptroller Coler, of this city, last week astonished the politicians of all parties by stating that on this issue the Prohibitionists of New York State would poll a hundred thousand votes this fall. At the Prohibition headquarters the claims made were more moderate, but absolute confidence was expressed that the party would more than make good its losses in 1896. In that year its vote was little more than half as great as in 1892. West of the Alleghanies, it was said, about half the Prohibitionists voted for Mr. Bryan, while east of the Alleghanies there was a similar loss—most of it going to swell the majority of Mr. McKinley. This year, it is claimed that nearly all of the old voters will return and that many new ones will come with them.

Causes of
Expected Recruits

Some of these accessions to the Prohibition party are expected to come from anti-imperialists who oppose both

McKinley and Bryan. In the rural districts, anti-imperialism is believed, at Prohibition headquarters, to be stronger than in the cities, and to be peculiarly strong among the temperance voters. In answer to the inquiry whether most of the expected accessions would come from the Republican party, the Chairman of the New York Prohibition Committee said that the Prohibition strength did not come from the Republicans in anything like so large a measure as is generally believed. In the Democratic counties of New Jersey, for example, where three-quarters of the substantial farmers are Democrats, three-quarters of the Prohibitionists are former Democrats, while in the Republican counties, where nearly all of this independent middle class is Republican, the Prohibitionists nearly all have Republican antecedents. Nevertheless, in the pivotal States this year, it is expected that most of the Prohibition gains will be at the expense of the Republicans, just as most of the Socialist gains will be at the expense of the Democrats. How much credence is to be attached to these expectations it is yet too early in the campaign to judge. Undoubtedly there is a considerable independent vote which is dissatisfied with both parties. Both parties, if they are wise, will endeavor to get this vote. If the election promises to be close, it will be divided between the two, on the principle of choosing the least of two evils, by voters who regard both parties as evils. If it appears likely that the election will go largely in one way, these dissatisfied independents will cast their votes for some third party, by way of protest against the other two. We are disinclined to prophesy, but our present impression is that as the campaign proceeds other issues will overshadow those of the lesser parties, and that both Prohibitionists and Socialists will be disappointed by the smallness of their ultimate vote.

The Difficulties of Fusion.

In Idaho, the Populists have nominated an independent State ticket. As a condition of fusion they demanded that the allied parties should condemn the continuance of martial law in the Cœur d'Alene mining district, and the Democrats refused thus to rebuke the State

officials of their own party, who were responsible for the martial law. This division of the silver forces makes it possible for the Republicans to carry the Legislature and elect a United States Senator to succeed Senator Shoup, though ex-Senator Dubois, who has the indorsement of the Democrats as well as of the Silver Republicans, expects to gain the seat. In 1896 the Fusionists carried the State by a majority of three to one; but in 1898, when the Populists refused to co-operate with the other silver parties, the Democratic and Silver Republican plurality was but four to three. In Kansas the Populist State Committee has voted to accept the expected declination of Mr. Towne and make Mr. Stevenson the candidate of the Populist party. This action of the Kansas Committee makes surer than before that Mr. Towne will decline the Populist nomination, for Kansas is one of the doubtful States whose Populist and Silver Republican voters were most keenly disappointed by Mr. Towne's defeat at Kansas City. From the first Mr. Towne has desired to decline in favor of Mr. Stevenson, but he has been unwilling to take this step without the consent of the Populists who nominated him. The Republicans report that many Populist voters are returning to their old party—the Republican. Among the Populists who have seceded are ex-Senator Peffer and Mrs. Lease, of Kansas, and ex-Governor Waite, of Colorado. Ex-Governor Lewelling, of Kansas, is also reported to have renounced Populism and espoused Socialism in its stead. Over against these losses the Fusionists' claim gains equal importance, including in Nebraska two Republican members of the present State Legislature. It is very obvious, therefore, that this year's vote in the West cannot be calculated from the '96 tables.



The Seizure at Managua While there seems to be some slight uncertainty in official circles with regard to the report from Managua that the Government of Nicaragua has seized the property of the Maritime Canal Company at that place, the news is not in itself surprising, and will probably be authenticated in due time. The facts are these: The Maritime Canal Company, under its

concession granted by Nicaragua in 1887, was obliged to complete the canal within ten years; twelve years have passed, and the canal is not completed, nor has any serious attempt been made to complete it; last year the Government of Nicaragua accordingly notified the Company that, under the terms of the concession, its rights had been forfeited and its property could be seized; thereupon, the Maritime Canal Company appealed to a provision of the concession that any misunderstanding in regard to the interpretation of the concession should be submitted to four arbitrators, two to be appointed by the Company and two by Nicaragua, with a fifth to be selected by the four, if they failed to agree. The Nicaragua Government appears to have acceded to this demand for arbitration, although it might seem a question whether the point at issue could fairly be called one of interpretation of the concession, but it insisted that the arbitrators to be named by the Maritime Canal Company should be citizens of Nicaragua, appealing in its turn to a law of that State—a law, by the way, which is said to be *ex post facto* as regards the concession; naturally, the Company demurred, and it has been, in part at least, sustained by the United States Government in the position taken. Thus matters stand, and the reported seizure of property is the last move in the struggle on the part of Nicaragua. It is supposed that the Company will appeal to the United States for protection. It is the opinion of many here that the assets of the Company consisted chiefly in the hope that it might induce our Government to assume its concession under an extension to be obtained from the Nicaragua Government. Meanwhile the Nicaragua Government has announced the grant of a concession for the right to build a canal to Edward Eyre and E. F. Cragin, and Mr. Crimmins, of the Eyre-Cragin syndicate, declares that the concession is perpetual and includes the right to police the country adjacent to the canal. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, is reported as saying that "these speculators [the Eyre-Cragin syndicate] are violating the laws and laying themselves open to a term in the penitentiary," and that, as the Maritime Company had spent \$4,500,000 and the United States Government over \$1,000,-

000 in furthering the canal under that concession, "the Nicaragua Government was bound to extend the concession." All of this strengthens the general feeling that our Government should be very cautious in dealing with claimants to concessions, past, present, or future. The canal should either be built and owned by the United States or built and owned by a private company, without aid, bonus, subsidies, or guarantees of any kind from the Government. The fact that both the political parties have affirmed that the canal should be owned and controlled by the United States Government gives reasonable assurance that this policy will be pursued.



The Cuban Constitutional Assembly

Last week there was issued from the United States War Department the formal order for the election of delegates to the Cuban Constitutional Assembly which will meet in Havana on November 3. The terms of the order, which has been duly promulgated by General Wood in Cuba, are so important in their bearing on the future of the island that we print it in full:

Whereas, the Congress of the United States by its joint resolution of April 20, 1898, declared "that the people of the island of Cuba are and of right ought to be free and independent, that the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people;" and

Whereas, the people of Cuba have established municipal governments, deriving their authority from the suffrages of the people, given under just, equal laws, and are now ready in like manner to proceed to the establishment of a general government which shall assume and exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, and control over the island;

Therefore it is ordered that a general election be held in the island of Cuba on the third Saturday of September, in the year 1900, to elect delegates to a convention to meet in the city of Havana, at 12 o'clock noon on the first Monday of November, in the year 1900, to frame and adopt a constitution for the people of Cuba, and, as a part thereof, to provide for and agree with the Government of the United States upon the relations to exist between that Government and the Government of Cuba, and to provide for the election by the people of officers under such constitution, and the transfer of government to officers so elected. The election will be held in the several voting

precincts of the island under and pursuant to the provisions of the Electoral Law of April 18, 1900, and the amendments thereof. The people of the several provinces will elect delegates in number proportioned to their populations as determined by the census, viz.: The people of the Province of Pinar del Rio will elect three delegates. The people of the Province of Havana will elect eight delegates. The people of the Province of Matanzas will elect four delegates. The people of the Province of Santa Clara will elect seven delegates. The people of the Province of Puerto Principe will elect two delegates. The people of the Province of Santiago will elect seven delegates.

It is understood that the principle of minority representation is to be introduced by General Wood in this election.

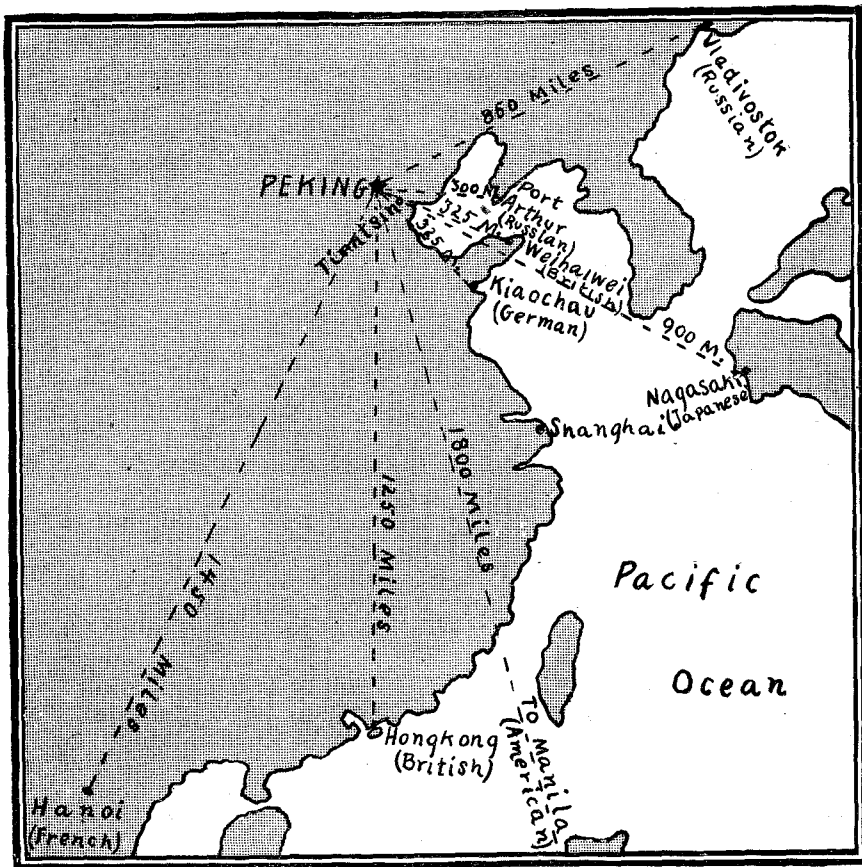


A Criticism We agree with the New York "Times" in thinking that this order needs explanation. What is meant by the declaration that the Convention is to frame and adopt a Constitution? Does this indicate that the Constitution is not to be submitted to the people? We hope not. A Convention of thirty-seven members, elected, as this Convention must be, under military authority, ought not be allowed to determine finally what shall be the Constitution of Cuba and what the relations between Cuba and the United States. Even if it be granted that such a Convention could do that work wisely and well, more wisely and better than it could be done by the people, it cannot do it more satisfactorily; it cannot do it without subjecting itself to the suspicion of being controlled by special commercial and political interests; especially whatever relations it attempts to establish between Cuba and the United States will be subjected to the suspicion of being in the interest rather of the United States than of Cuba. For these reasons it appears to us clear that the work of the Convention should be submitted to the people of Cuba, and we shall assume that this is intended until there is some official interpretation of a different tenor. But we cannot but think it very desirable that this interpretation should be explicitly given by the Secretary of War or by General Wood speaking for the Secretary. This would, of course, make it necessary to determine who are the people to whose suffrages the Constitution should be submitted. The conditions of suffrage might

be determined by the Convention, though there is objection to leaving so small a body to select the voters to pass upon this work. Probably a better method would be to continue the conditions on which suffrage was based in the recent municipal elections, and to do this by order of the War Department, or possibly by the joint action of the Convention and the War Department. It ought not be referred to universal suffrage; the ignorant and heterogeneous population of Cuba ought not to be left to determine the structure of its government. The American Constitution was not determined by universal suffrage; that came later.



China: The Morrison Letter The first trustworthy newspaper account of conditions in Peking, up to July 21, was received last week by the London "Times" from its correspondent, Dr. Morrison. The "Times" correspondent stated that there had been a cessation of hostilities since July 18, but from apprehension of treachery there had been no relaxation of vigilance. Barricades around the besieged area and also batteries on the top of the wall of the Imperial City were being strengthened by Chinese soldiers, but the main body of the Imperial soldiery had left Peking to meet the relief forces. Supplies were beginning to come in, and the condition of the besieged was apparently improving. The wounded were doing well, and the hospital arrangements were admirable. One hundred and fifty cases had passed through the hospital. The casualties had been fifty-six killed and one hundred and thirty-eight wounded. The most important part of the Morrison letter, however, was in its disclosure of Chinese treachery. The Tsungli Yamén, or Foreign Office, had forwarded to Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister, a copy of a letter from the Emperor of China to Queen Victoria, "attributing all deeds of violence to bandits, and requesting her Majesty's assistance to extricate the Chinese Government from its difficulties," while only the day before an Imperial edict had been issued calling on the Boxers to continue to render loyal and patriotic services in exterminating the Christians and commanding Viceroy and Governors to expel



DISTANCES FROM PEKING TO IMPORTANT POINTS

all missionaries from China and to arrest all Christians and compel them to renounce their faith. The Queen's reply to the Chinese letter is not stated, but the Chinese Minister in Washington telegraphs that the United States Government would gladly assist the Chinese authorities against the Boxer mobs.



Peking The latest information from the Ministers at Peking comes from the Japanese Legation under date of July 23, and from the British Legation July 24. The Japanese information is to the effect that the foreigners then had but five days' provisions and twenty-five rounds of ammunition to each man. The British letter is from Sir Claude Macdonald:

We are surrounded by Imperial troops who are firing on us continually. The enemy is enterprising, but cowardly. We have provisions for about a fortnight and we are eating our ponies. The Chinese Government, if there be one, has done nothing whatever to

help us. If the Chinese do not press the attack we can hold out for, say, ten days. So no time should be lost if a terrible massacre is to be avoided.

Li-Hung-Chang will thus have some difficulty in inducing the Powers to believe that the Imperial Government was the victim of the Boxers instead of working with them. It is now two months since direct communications between our own Government and its Minister were suspended. We have every reason to believe that the Chinese authorities could have restored communication if they would. Until such communication is restored it is just for us both to decline to accept Chinese statements concerning the Ministers and to insist on advancing upon Peking to reopen communication. We hope that the Chinese Government, as represented by the more enlightened men, such as the Emperor Kuang-Su and the Viceroys Li-Hung-Chang and Chang-Chi-Tung, may co-operate with, not oppose, our advance. To the offer from

Li-Hung-Chang and others of free communication on condition that the march to Peking be suspended, and to the statement that the advance of the allies was an unfriendly act, Secretary Hay made a conclusive reply when he demanded free communication with our Minister at Peking as a right and not as a favor, adding that the denial of such communication by the Chinese Government is in itself an unfriendly act, and that the Chinese Government is responsible for the protection of the Ministers. We may add that Li-Hung-Chang's offer implied an act of international treachery, namely, the use of the envoys as hostages. As between two unfriendly acts, the isolation of foreign envoys in Peking, forbidding intercourse between them and their Governments, is infinitely more unfriendly than is the sending of an expedition to reopen communication with them. Li-Hung-Chang replied that no news messages would be delivered to the Ministers because the foreigners were advancing on Peking, but it is now reported that an Imperial edict provides for the communication of the Ministers with their Governments. The fear that the advance of the international force on the capital will be the signal for the massacre of the Ministers does not appear to be shared by the high officials of our own Government.



The Campaign in China General Chaffee telegraphs that the Americans, British, and Japanese have combined in the advance on Peking. It is not impossible that General Chaffee may be selected to command the international forces. As America is the one Power on Chinese soil having no ulterior motive in restoring order, her representative ought to be the most acceptable of all the military leaders. Undoubtedly President McKinley had this circumstance in mind when he advanced General Chaffee to a Major-Generalship, thus giving him equal army rank with any official so far connected with the international forces. On Sunday of this week the relief column, sixteen thousand strong, engaged the Chinese at Peitsang, ten miles above Tientsin and at the head of tidewater. The engagement lasted all day, resulting in a reported loss of twelve hundred among

the allies. The Chinese are believed to have retreated. As the victory seems to have remained with the foreigners, they have, we hope, nothing to fear before reaching the walled city of Tungchau, twelve miles from the capital. According to press despatches the allied expedition will make use of several hundred junks, captured at Tientsin. These will ascend the Pei River to Tungchau. The rumor persists that some of the allied troops have been disembarked at Shanhaikuan, a hundred and eighty miles from Peking. The sending of troops by this much longer journey to the capital would of course be for the purpose of diverting attention from the main advance by the river route. Last week some members of the Tsungli Yamên were beheaded because they urged the preservation of the Ministers' lives. This deed was the work of Li-Ping-Heng, who now commands the Peking troops. He was the official who ordered the Paoting massacre and has long been a close friend of that other rabid anti-foreign leader, Prince Tuan. Last week Prince Tuan's troops in the north met with surprising successes. They not only checked the Russians on the Amur River, sinking four of their steamers, but actually checked the Russian in lower Manchuria, defeating them near Niuchang. Emboldened by this, the Chinese Governor of Mukden, the ancient Manchu capital, has now thrown off the mask and has issued a proclamation urging the massacre of all Christians. The Chinese are also displaying marked activity further south. At Chifu and at the Wusung Forts (at the mouth of the river of that name, fifteen miles from Shanghai) the Chinese have been greatly increasing their troops. Throughout the entire Yangtse Valley the missionaries are now beginning to be more alarmed. In the province of Hunan some Italian Roman Catholics have been massacred after revolting torture. Even in the suburbs of so civilized a place as Hankau several missionaries have been murdered, while from Chungking, fifteen hundred miles up the river, not only the missionaries but all the foreign officials have fled. Further south, on the coast, the English mission at the treaty port of Ningpo, in the province of Chekiang, has been destroyed and twelve missionaries

have been murdered. The mission stations at Fuchau and Amoy, however, in the neighboring province of Fukien, appear to be as yet undisturbed. In the island of Hainan the missionaries have been in great peril, and have fled to Hong-kong.



The Boer War

Last week's interest in the Boer war was political rather than military. Although Lord Roberts's scouts, advancing eastward from Middelburg, found the country largely denuded of Boers between that point and the Portuguese frontier, and although Lord Kitchener is drawing a closer and closer circle around the Boers in the Orange River Colony, events north and south of the former Boer republics attracted the greater interest. In the north Mr. Cecil Rhodes, with characteristic energy, is already at work in the vast region which now bears his name, striving to induce the colonial forces from Australia and Canada to remain after the present war and to grow up with the country. To every desirable settler he offers a retainer of a hundred and twenty-five dollars for himself and of sixty dollars for his horse, provided the man shall hold himself, horse, and rifle at the disposal of the authorities for periodical musters. This is a clever scheme for aiding an armed peace, but by its very nature is opposed to what the British Government proposes, namely, to remove as many soldiers as possible from South Africa, although the programme of the War Office, as announced in the House of Commons a week ago, provides for retaining forty-five thousand men in South Africa until February, 1901. In the south the interest is centered in the exercise of martial law in Cape Colony. So far the courts-martial have been markedly lenient in their proceedings, and it is not likely that the friction expected at first will result. Martial law is not to be confounded with military law, but corresponds rather with the French "state of siege." In the Toronto "Sun," Professor Goldwin Smith, who, our readers will remember, is an extreme liberal in present conditions, maintains that military law is necessarily exceptional, as is laid down in the annual Mutiny Act for the government and discipline of the British

army. "Martial law, on the other hand, means the suspension of all law and the delivery of citizens into the arbitrary hands of a military tribunal, armed with the power of life and death, unjudicial in its composition, bound by no regular rules of procedure or evidence, and almost invariably constituted as an instrument of terrorism to give effect to the cruel panic or the vindictive tyranny of the hour." Mr. Smith insists that the exercise of martial law at all in a country where the civil courts are open is a breach of the Great Charter, of the Petition of Right, and of the muniments and principles of British justice.



In his just published work on **Boer Sentiment in Europe** South Africa, Mr. Musgrave says that Boer sympathy in France is largely a vindictive, anti-British attitude, due to British strictures during the Dreyfus case, and adds that French vituperations against the United States during the war with Spain indicate the value of popular perspicuity in national questions. Angered by the sympathy shown by Great Britain for the United States during the war, Spain has taken an attitude of denunciation of this "second manifestation of Anglo-Saxon aggression." As might be expected from a Government ever anti-British, in Russia there is grandiloquent denunciation, and, apparently, no sensitiveness regarding the pitiless rule in Russian dependencies. Anti-Boer sentiment in Germany is largely the result of commercial hostility, and in Holland is the result of racial ties. Mr. Musgrave points out, however, that the people of smaller States, not so much afflicted with commercial and political jealousies, take a more dispassionate view of international contests; that strong parties in Switzerland, Scandinavia, and Italy support the British side, that Denmark is mostly anti-Boer, and that the Greeks are warmly supporting the Power which, more than once, has proved their true friend. He adds that the Balkan States are decidedly pro-British, and that both Hungary and Servia have proffered contingents "to uphold the progress and equal rights of which the Transvaal Republic is the actual negation." However just Mr. Musgrave's observations may be, it would

seem that a pro-Boer spirit on the Continent is still distinctly evident everywhere, if we may judge by the action of the Inter-Parliamentary Congress for Peace Arbitration held last week at Paris. Speaking of the apparent impotence of the Hague Conference, M. Dorand protested particularly against the war in the Transvaal, and expressed astonishment that the requests for arbitration made by the South African Republic had not found an echo in Europe. In reply, Lord Stanhope, one of the English delegates, stated that friends of peace in his country had done everything possible to prevent war. The following resolution, however, was adopted by a large majority :

This Congress, acting on the Hague resolutions, expresses its gratitude to those contributing to the results, in the firm hope that the Powers will not neglect in the future to utilize the means at their disposition for the appeasement of international conflicts, and its regret that they have not been able to do so. Actual war in the Transvaal calls the attention of the various delegates to the duty devolving on them to call the attention of their respective Governments to the obligations the Powers contracted in giving adhesion to the Hague resolutions.



The Italian Embassy A fortnight ago, owing to pressing business affairs, General Draper, who, during President McKinley's term, has occupied, with great distinction, the position of American Ambassador at Rome, resigned that office. The offer of the post was then made to ex-Governor Wolcott, of Massachusetts, and we are glad to note that the offer has been accepted. This nomination, like that of General Draper, General Porter, Mr. White, Colonel Hay, and Mr. Choate, is a proof of the success of the Administration in dealing with American representation abroad in the larger appointments. Ex-Governor Wolcott, whose great-great-grandfather was the Governor of Connecticut of the same name, is known as one of the best types of "Harvard men" now in active affairs. By virtue of his office, succeeding Governor Greenhalge at the latter's death in 1896, Lieutenant-Governor Wolcott became acting Governor. When he was nominated for Governor at the succeeding election, he was elected by an unprecedented majority over his opponent, Mr.

George Fred Williams. Governor Wolcott was re-elected in 1897, and again in 1898. The following year President McKinley invited him to serve on the Philippines Commission, but, for many reasons, Mr. Wolcott felt obliged to decline this honor. It will be a source of much satisfaction to Americans at home, but especially to Americans traveling or residing abroad, that an embassy which has counted many brilliant American occupants, from the days of Mr. Marsh to our own, will continue to be worthily filled.



Servia The marriage of King Alexander, of Servia, calls attention to the remarkable history of that country so far as the Obrenovich dynasty is concerned. Not three-quarters of a century ago Milos Obrenovich was a swineherd. Milan, his descendant, the father of King Alexander, was himself King of Servia until eleven years ago, when his dissipations not only cost him his throne, but forced Queen Natalie to divorce him. After his father's abdication in favor of his son, then only thirteen years old, Servian history went on with greater placidity, the Ministries as a whole coping not incapably with the situation. In 1893, however, two events occurred which changed this course. The King's majority was proclaimed, and a formal reconciliation took place between Milan and Natalie, though each has since pursued a separate and certainly a nomadic way of life. The Queen had as one of her ladies-in-waiting Madame Maschin, the widow of a mining engineer. Madame Maschin was, apparently, much beloved by the Queen, and also fascinated the impressionable young King by her beauty and her mental ability. An intimacy followed, which did not seem to excite any great comment in Servia, but when the young King, having had his marriage proposals refused by every royal princess to whom he paid his addresses, proposed to make Madame Maschin the Queen of Servia, the announcement was received with not a little amazement and severe criticism throughout Europe, except, strangely enough, in Servia itself. The people of that country had seen quite enough of the tutelage of King Milan, who had, unfortunately, returned to Servia two

years ago, having induced his son to appoint him Commander-in-Chief of the army; the general opinion, therefore, was that a change in tutelage could not be for the worse. The new Queen of Servia is said to be thirty-eight years old. Let us hope that her influence may be for good in that strange country where heretofore grotesqueness and tyranny have been so prevalent.



The Northfield Conference for Christian Workers

Last week the sessions of the eighteenth Annual Conference for Christian Workers were begun at Northfield, and, as in the Conference of College Workers already held, one dominant voice was sadly missed. Nevertheless, there has been a realization of Mr. Moody's prophecy of only a few months ago as he spoke of the change that men call death:

Some day you will read in the papers that D. L. Moody, of East Northfield, is dead. Don't you believe a word of it. At that moment I shall be more alive than I am now. I shall have gone up higher, that is all—out of this old clay tenement into a house that is immortal—a body that death cannot touch, that sin cannot taint; a body fashioned like unto His glorious body. I was born in the flesh in 1837. I was born of the Spirit in 1856. That which is born of the flesh may die. That which is born of the Spirit will live forever.

It is with peculiar pride and satisfaction, therefore, that the Northfield workers recognize the continuance and persistence of the splendid spirit started by the fervent Evangelist. The instruction of the Conference this year is apparently quite up to the high standard of other years, and is attracting from this and other countries one of the largest gatherings of its kind ever held, just as the meeting of College Men was larger than any that had preceded it—more students were present and more institutions were represented. Much of all this success is due to the generalship of Mr. W. R. Moody, who succeeds his father in the management of affairs at Northfield. As has been often said, Mr. William Moody seems to have inherited a large part of his father's practical nature, sturdy common sense, and manful assumption of burdens which would stagger most men. Mr. Moody has enlisted the attendance of distinguished teachers and lecturers; those who

have already been prominently connected with the Northfield work and who are present again this year are: From London, the Rev. F. B. Meyer and Campbell Morgan; from Dublin, the Rev. William Newman Hall; from New York, the Rev. Wilton Merle Smith and Mr. R. E. Speer; from Boston, the Rev. Dr. H. C. Mabie; from Washington, the Rev. Dr. T. S. Hamlin; from Chicago, the Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey, and others. Dr. Torrey conducts the instruction in the International Sunday-School Lessons and in the normal methods of teaching them. A special conference for those interested in young people's work is in charge of Mr. Willis Baer, General Secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society, while Mr. W. H. Stanes, of Nilgris Hills, India, is conducting special meetings for children. The music is in charge of Messrs. Sankey and Stebbins. Such work as has already been accomplished at Northfield this summer and is outlined for the remaining weeks certainly forms the most appropriate tribute to the memory of its great founder.



Church Destruction

The English House of Lords, on motion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, has just passed a new Union of Benefices Bill. This act proposes to extend throughout England the Union of Benefices Bill passed forty years ago. That act gave authority to pull down churches in London and to sell their valuable sites, the proceeds to be applied to buying new sites and to building and endowing new churches in recently occupied suburban districts. This process of church-destruction in the heart of the metropolis found many objectors, and was the means of the formation of an association known as "The City Churches Federation Society." This society is now up in arms against the new Union of Benefices Bill, and shows that, even if by reason of financial grounds such a policy of church-destruction was justifiable in the city of London, that justification has certainly no application to the country where the sites are of little value. Residents in such counties as Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Cambridgeshire, where the churches are especially interesting historically and architecturally, fear a wholesale destruction.

Civic Rights of Roman Catholics

Last week at Atlantic City, New Jersey, there was a Roman Catholic celebration of the embarkation of Christopher Columbus from the port of Palos, Spain, August 3, 1492. The principal address was delivered by the Right Rev. J. A. McFaul, D.D., Bishop of Trenton, who declared that Roman Catholics are now beginning to realize the discrimination against them, and that "bigotry has not only striven to prevent us from obtaining our rights as American citizens, but that in very many instances it has succeeded." Bishop McFaul re-emphasized his opposition to any Roman Catholic political party, however, and added:

We make no demand simply as Catholics, but we insist on possessing all the rights and privileges of American citizens, and we will endeavor by every legitimate means guaranteed to American citizens to obtain them. Let no one suppose that this is a movement to introduce Catholics, as Catholics, to political office. It is the right of every American citizen, possessing the requisite qualifications for political office, not to be discriminated against simply because he is a Catholic, or because he has favored Catholics, when there was question of their rights as citizens. Non-Catholics tell us: "Keep religion out of politics." We reply: "That is just what we desire." But they hardly practice their own advice, or we would certainly see Catholics better represented, in proportion to their numbers, in the affairs of our country.

The grievances of Roman Catholics, according to Bishop McFaul, seem to be the treatment of religious interests in the Philippines, the objection to appropriations for Roman Catholic schools for Indians, want of representation on school boards, the new marriage regulations in Cuba, and the small number of Roman Catholic chaplains in the army and navy.

The Right of Privacy

Sound sentiment and the sense of justice will both induce people to hope earnestly that a decision recently rendered by Justice Davy of the New York Supreme Court may be sustained on appeal. The decision is not the first made in this State on the point involved, but a former decision on very similar facts was, if we are rightly informed, directly contrary to Justice Davy's dictum, although the latter judge is probably the first to set forth the cogent reasoning which would give the sanction

of the law to the natural sentiment that the right of privacy in the individual should be protected by the State. The facts in this case were simple. A portrait of a young woman was very widely used as an advertisement without her consent; it was not claimed that the photograph was copyrighted, nor that it was improperly or fraudulently obtained. The sole question at issue was the right of the young woman in question to forbid this publication of her portrait against her wishes. It was pointed out that if such a portrait were indeed of monetary value, used in the way described, the value ought properly to belong to the original owner of the portrait, and, if this is so, it would presuppose the right to forbid its use by others. This, however, was not the interesting point in the case, but rather that made by Justice Davy when he said: "Are we to rely upon the courts to protect one's goods and chattels, and is there yet no power to protect a plaintiff's reputation or right of privacy against circulating and posting these lithographs in public places, unless it be by the horsewhip or other unlawful act? . . . She has a right to say that without her consent these lithograph copies of her likeness shall not be used or circulated by the defendants." This assertion of such a thing in law as the right of privacy, even where statutes have not specifically described it, is perhaps "new law," but it is most certainly in keeping with modern ideas of social propriety, and the decision (if upheld and extended) will do much to prevent the invasion of private life by sensationalism.



Mr. Z. R. Brockway The newspapers announce the resignation of Mr. Z. R. Brockway, for many years Superintendent of the Elmira Reformatory. He has well earned by his long life and his great work a right to retire and take some rest in these later years of his life. If not the inventor, he has certainly been the most distinguished exponent of what is known as "the indeterminate sentence," and not only by his clear comprehension of fundamental principles, but even more by his practical wisdom in carrying them out, and his almost unerring sagacity in reading criminal character, he has rendered in the cause of penology a service

equaled by few and surpassed by none. We doubt whether any other country has furnished one who in future generations will be more universally recognized as an authority concerning the nature and treatment of crime. The "indeterminate sentence" stands, not for a method of treatment, but for a philosophy—this, namely, that crime is to be treated as a disease, though undoubtedly a moral disease, and that the office of society is not to punish but to cure it, or to punish only for the purpose of curing it; that society is never to administer vindictive justice, but redemption, and its whole system of justice is to be adjusted with reference to the cure of the criminal. Under this philosophy the criminal, whatever his crime, is sentenced to the Reformatory, not for a definite period, but to remain there until he is cured—that is, until he gives satisfactory evidence to the authorities there that he has acquired both the will and the ability to earn an honest livelihood by hard work. His imprisonment is determined, not by the offence which he has committed, but by its proved effect to fit him to be a self-respecting and a self-supporting member of society; and the discipline, the industry, and the education of the Reformatory are all adjusted to the same end. This, in brief, and with some necessary qualifications, due rather to public opinion than to the theory on which the system is based, has been the system carried out by Mr. Brockway for many years at the Elmira Reformatory; and despite the difficulties under which he has labored, and the misunderstandings and the misrepresentations to which he has been subjected, the results have proved that this method sends out into life an overwhelmingly larger proportion of honest and industrious citizens than the old method, while, and this curious fact is very significant, criminals who wish to continue in crime prefer a definite sentence even for a long term to Sing Sing than an indeterminate sentence to Elmira. To a man bent on crime, sentence to imprisonment until he is reformed is of all sentences the one which he most dreads. The editors of *The Outlook*, from personal acquaintance with Mr. Brockway and his work, desire to put on record their appreciation of his self-denying and too lightly appreciated life-work. The greatest re-

formers are rarely understood while they live.



A Correction Dr. Halsey desires us to say that the "Telegram's" report, given by us editorially last week, of his utterances respecting the missionaries is inaccurate, and does not represent either what he said or what are his views. He heartily approves the views represented in the editorial based on the "Telegram's" report. We said at the time that we did not hold the ministers but the "Telegram" responsible, and this makes the responsibility of that paper the more clear.



Anarchy and Italy

During the past week detectives have discovered sufficient evidence to indicate the formation of a plot in Paterson, N. J., to slay the King of Italy. The recent attempt in Belgium on the life of the Prince of Wales, followed by reprehensible governmental negligence in the retention of the assassin, and the attempts last week on the King of Servia and on the Shah of Persia appear to have been parts of an allied scheme. The first act in the drama is supposed to have been the murder last May of the man Sperandio, whose papers indicate that he had been chosen as regicide and had refused to serve. The regicide and his accomplices left this country at various times and by various routes, as the books of the steamship companies show.

The master-inspirer of the plot is thought by every one to have been the well-known Italian Anarchist, Enrico Malatesta, who, expelled for various political crimes from the continent of Europe, came to this country last year, directed the publication of "*La Questione Sociale*" at Paterson for a time, and is now in London. England and America are asylums for cranks of all sorts. One question of the future seems to be, therefore: Ought American and English immigration to remain as unrestricted as at present? The law in these countries gives so large a measure of liberty to the individuals that repressive measures cannot be so easily enforced as on the continent of Europe. America and England have also

persisted in refusing the extradition of merely political prisoners, such as is Malatesta.

His idea of social progress is as follows:

You ask us what we want. We want to expropriate the holders of wealth. We would have all this world, all that it contains of good or evil, shared in equal measure by the great and small. . . . It seems to me that in the natural order of evolution human violence has as much a place as the eruption of a volcano. All great progress has been paid for by streams of blood. I cannot see how the present conditions, based upon brutal force, can be changed in any other way than by force. The State and all government is based upon force, and so long as they use force against us we must in self-defense employ violent methods. Show me one anarchistic deed and I will point out to you the brutal oppression, the terrible crimes which are responsible for it.

Last week a representative of The Outlook found most of the Italian inhabitants of Paterson apparently in good humor; some, however, seemed sullen, if not frightened. The majority did not care to talk further than to say that they were peaceful citizens, to deny complicity in Anarchist plots, and to swear that they were jealous of the good name of an Italo-American. Others, however, were bolder and declared that they were opposed to all oppressing rulers, whether Kings or Presidents, and that violence should be used, if necessary, to remove them. The fact that so many attempts upon the lives of rulers come from Italian assassins was due, averred all, to the peculiar oppression in Italy, and the Anarchists strongly hinted that the summary removal of Italy's King was therefore peculiarly appropriate.

Ignorant and apparently half-crazy as are some of these persons, all were right in their belief that the Italian situation warrants discontent. To that discontent are certainly due the facts that the Socialist vote in Italy has trebled during the past five years, and that more Italian immigrants arrive in this country than those of any other nationality.

The reasons for Italian discontent and emigration are four in number, and may be briefly summarized:

1. During King Humbert's reign the population in Italy grew so rapidly as now to be estimated at nearly three hundred to the square mile. In Rome the number of inhabitants has doubled,

and a great increase is noted in all the large cities. While Italy is "the garden of the world," and more Italians are engaged in agriculture than in any other avocation, the increase of population demands that the land support a larger number of people than before. The increase in food-production, however, it is claimed, has not kept pace with the increase in population. Nowhere in the world has there been such intelligent development of irrigation as may be seen in Lombardy and Piedmont, provinces which have also made greater advances in peasant-proprietorship and in industry than have others in Italy. Despite this, Italy is further off than ever from producing enough grain to feed her people, and the price of bread has risen somewhat, stimulated by the Spanish-American war. Bread riots occurred in Sicily and Naples and even in the north, where they were also instigated by a combination of Socialists and Clericals. These riots were suppressed with severity by the Premier, General Pelloux, a man of honorable but markedly firm character.

2. The commercial distress, due to this cause and to the bank scandals of ten years ago, was augmented in some degree by the unfortunate interruption of the old-time friendly relations in trade with France. Last year, however, these relations were renewed to the mutual advantage of both peoples, and the disheartening disparity which had long existed between the total of Italian imports (grain, coal, and iron) and exports (silk, sulphur, hemp, and wine) has greatly diminished.

3. In the Italian Parliament the Senate is entirely controlled by the monarch, who appoints all of the four hundred members from an established category. The demand of the people for some representation in the Senate will not seem to most Americans unjust.

4. But the principal cause of emigration and of discontent has been over-taxation. The wealth of Italy does not amount to a quarter of that of France, yet the Italian people contribute to the expenses of their Government about half as much as do the French to the expenses of theirs. Two months ago, in opening Parliament, King Humbert declared, amid great applause, that Italy owed the progress made during the past half-century to her

free institutions, but it was necessary to do much more before she attained the high position which she ought to hold. The new Parliament, the King asserted, would devote its attention to bettering the condition of the working-classes, to protecting agriculturists and industrialists, and to reducing taxes. There was indeed need for such reduction. Italy has been the most heavily taxed country in Europe. With the colossal expenses consequent upon the armed emancipation of the nation from Austrian and from Papal oppression, involving almost constant wars from 1848 to 1870, taxation has necessarily been the curse of a country, naturally rich, but impoverished by centuries of misrule. Its income during the past few years has approximated three hundred and fifty million dollars. This sum is derived directly, first from the income tax, then from the land, house, and stamp taxes; indirectly, first from customs, then from the tobacco and salt monopolies, and from the excise and lottery taxes. The last named is a pernicious source of income, and gives governmental countenance to the national vice of gambling. Last but not least in burdensomeness comes the levy at the gates of every town on imports from the country.

Like most other systems, Italian taxation bears far too heavily on the poor and far too lightly on the rich. Half the whole amount levied is met by the poor man. Of the national expenditures part go to the payment of interest on the national debt, part to military and naval outlays made necessary by Italy's entrance into the Triple Alliance, part to the development of public works, especially railways and carriage roads, and part to the establishment and maintenance of a public-school system.

There is cause for discontent in Italy, but not for anarchy; on the contrary, the record of the recent reign, with all its mistakes, shows that its progress has been great. All friends of Italy, therefore, will hope that the monarchical form of government, which, on the whole, is the best for Italy, may continue, and that the new King, Victor Emmanuel III., may prove himself worthy of his heritage. His modest, yet manly, proclamation issued last week is well calculated to prejudice even hostile critics in his favor.

The Awakening of China

For over twenty centuries China has been asleep; in truth, it has never awakened. It has had but the semblance of life; scarcely that. It is called an Empire; it is not; it is a conglomerate. Its people possess an ethical system, but no religion; their language does not even contain a word equivalent to the Greek *Theos*, the Latin *Deus*, the German *Gott*, the French *Dieu*, the English *God*. They are without faith in the future, without even desire for a future; they have always lived looking backward; their only worship, the worship of ancestors; their only reverence, reverence for the past. They are therefore without progress, growth, development; without even aspiration which is desire for progress. The Chinaman's characteristic is not despair, which is hopeless aspiration; nor contentment, which is restrained aspiration; but self-satisfaction, which is absence of aspiration.

Without religion, without progress, without aspiration, these people are without civilization. The conflict between the West and the East, between Europe and China, is not a conflict of civilizations; it is a misnomer to call it so. A people who discovered the compass and are without commerce, discovered gunpowder and are without arms, discovered movable type and are without a press; a people whose best means of locomotion has been the wheelbarrow, and who have suffered in consequence frequent and devastating famines in a land of plenty; a people with coal-fields in a single province adequate to supply the world with coal for twenty centuries, but without mines because disturbance of the ground might disturb the subterranean dragons, cannot be termed civilized. Neither are the Chinese barbarians. They occupy a middle ground between the civilized and the barbaric peoples of the globe; they are embodied conservatism; for twenty centuries they have lived in a state of arrested development, well satisfied so to live. It is indeed claimed that they have an elaborate system of education. That depends upon what is meant by education. A schooling which ignores the needs of the present and the possibilities of the future, which teaches to memorize but not to think, which leaves the student ignorant

of geography, astronomy, chemistry, engineering, in a word the world he lives in, the laws which govern it, and the men who inhabit it, and which measures education by a capacity to use words which ordinary men do not understand, we do not call education.

And now China is awaking from her long sleep. Christian missions have done something by gentle means to arouse aspiration in a few of her people; the transformation of Japan has excited in others that emulation which is akin to aspiration; the war with Japan and its results have given a rude shock to China's self-conceit and made her rub her eyes. Just at this juncture an Emperor with a quick mind but not a strong will has arisen to foster reforming and progressive elements in this great unorganized population. Under that influence China has granted concessions to foreigners to build railroads and open mines; and railroads and mines have disturbed the torpid self-satisfaction of a more than mediæval ignorance and superstition. China is beginning to awake.

Such a process of awaking is always a troublesome one. The response of such a community, like that of a lazy man, is always, "A little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep." The habits of twenty centuries are not easily laid aside; innate, inherited conservatism resists the awaking. Long-nourished hate for the "foreign devils" comes to reinforce this aggressive conservatism; self-conceit is augmented by the suggestion that anything can be learned from outside barbarians. That which in the Chinese answers to religion—reverence for ancestors and superstitious dread of supernatural dragons—adds bitterness to the race hatred. The most corrupt officialdom in the world takes fire at the suggestion that its verbal right to plunder an overtaxed and long-suffering people is to be interfered with. Imagine the conservatism of the French peasant, the Latin prejudice against the Anglo-Saxon cult, the superstitious rancor of the mediæval Spanish priesthood, and the bureaucratic intolerance of the Russian office-holders all combined to resist a threatened change, and we get a faint conception of the forces in China leagued together against civilization.

This is the phenomenon which confronts us in the land across the Pacific Ocean

—a people awaking from a torpor of twenty centuries. Such a people do not all wake together. In such a crisis, as in the awakening of Europe from the torpor of the Middle Ages, life is confused, contradictory, tumultuous. There is every range of thought and feeling, from the too eager desire for immediate reform by the progressive to the first stolid and then fanatic resistance by the passionate traditionalist. The nineteenth century after Christ and the twentieth century before Christ, and all the centuries between, are contemporaneous in China to-day, and in tumultuous disorder.

The duty of America is plain. She is a Christian Nation; by which we do not mean that she has a State religion, or possesses a formal creed; by which we do mean that she is and ought to be actuated in her policy by that spirit of justice and humanity which is not Pagan, nor Mohammedan, but distinctively Christian. This defines for her the course of action to be pursued, and the spirit in which she should pursue it. She should be inspired, not by animosity toward China, but by sympathy with the better elements in China struggling toward a larger life. She should not impute to the entire people the inhumanities of even so great a portion of them, nor repress China's nascent aspirations by treating her as actuated only by savage traditionalism, nor share in any attempt—if any attempt is made—to partition her into spheres of influence, industrial or political.

There are real reform elements in the heterogeneous population of China, and America should give to those elements sympathy, fellowship, support; should endeavor to promote the spirit of liberty and progress; should recognize the undeveloped Chinese nationality, and endeavor to develop and to strengthen it; in brief, should make war, not against China, but against old China on behalf of new China. America's first duty is to protect Americans in China if it is in our power to do so; but protect them, not from *the* Chinese, but from *some* Chinese. Our second is to give our moral support to those Chinese in whom the spirit of aspiration has been awakened, and who wish for their nation a future better than her past. And in all, it is our duty to be the friend, not the enemy, of China—helping her to pass, by

a transition as peaceful as possible, from the political, social, and industrial conditions of the twentieth century before Christ to those of the nineteenth century after Christ. Such a transformation of a nation is an event unparalleled in the history of the human race; of more than political or commercial significance; of possibly greater religious significance than any since the conversion of the Roman Empire under Constantine. The problem of the methods to be pursued by America in such an hour may well puzzle our wisest statesmen; but the spirit which has apparently thus far actuated them ought to have prompt and earnest reinforcement by the American people, regardless of religious creed or party affiliation.



The Danger of Imperialism

That there is a possible danger of imperialism in America we are not inclined to deny. That republics have generally given place to empires, that the people have lost whatever political power they possessed, and that government of the many has become government of the few or of the one is historically true. But he who would take warning from history should examine it sufficiently to learn what its warning is; he should not be content with the general fact that republics have been short-lived; he should consider what is the process by which they have been transformed into empires. It is not possible in a brief editorial article to conduct such a historical study; it must suffice to indicate the principle to which such a study conducts—this, namely, that the transition from a republic to an empire has been generally, if not always, through a period of anarchy.

It would be difficult to name any case in which absolutism has been a gradual and unconscious evolution from democracy. Lower and simpler forms of government have sometimes passed into an imperial form without passing through democracy; but democracy has rarely if ever passed into an empire except through anarchy and revolution. Greece experienced a long and tragic period of what we may call States' rights and of internecine wars between the various States

before the Macedonian Empire was founded upon the ruins of her free institutions. The wars of Marius and Sulla devastated Rome before she accepted in exchange for anarchy and civil war the strong rule of Julius Cæsar. The jealousies of the Italian cities and the rivalries of the Italian families, and the no-government which they produced with "the poisoned cup and the hidden stiletto," prepared the way for the reign of the tyrants. In France, there would have been no Napoleonic Empire if there had been no Red Terror; in England, no restoration of the Stuarts if there had been no Long Parliament and no factional fights between rival parties in the Commonwealth.

These historical events all point in one direction; they all have one meaning; it ought not to be difficult to understand their lesson. The danger of imperialism in America is not from a paltry standing army of one hundred thousand men; it is not from the adoption of a colonial policy extending over other free countries the protection of our flag—protection alike from foes without and from disorder within; it is not from a gradual usurpation of power by the President of the United States; it is not from centralization in any form. The danger is to be looked for in exactly the opposite direction. It is threatened, if at all, by decentralization, by excessive individualism, by weakness in the Government, by paltering with the mob, by the forces of popular discontent, incited sometimes by demagogues, sometimes by honest enthusiasts, into passion, and united for factional ends. If ever democracy is overthrown in America, it will be because the Government is too weak, not because it is too strong. The way to insure the permanence of democracy is to strengthen its governmental powers.

To illustrate: Recently in the history of this country successive mobs have attempted to take control of the railroads and determine what trains might run; to occupy Pittsburg, Chicago, Brooklyn, Cleveland, and St. Louis and prevent free carriage in the public streets; to lay siege to the iron mills at Homestead and determine who might enter and who might not; and in countless cases to prevent by force free Americans from working for such wages and on such conditions as they were willing to accept. Of all law, mob

law is the worst. Any government is better than no government. The despotism of a Russian bureaucracy is preferable to that of a Parisian commune. Caesarism is not so bad as perpetual civil wars. The Napoleonic Empire was a relief after Robespierre. If democracy has not a government strong enough to put down the mob, the mob will be strong enough to overthrow democracy. President Cleveland in dispersing the mob in Chicago, Governor Roosevelt in dispersing the mob at the Croton Dam, were defending democracy against the advance guard of imperialism; the authorities in Missouri in leaving St. Louis so long under mobocracy were promoting the cause of imperialism in the heart of the Republic. If the time should ever come when the people of the United States have to choose between the strong rule of an Emperor and the kind of rule furnished by the Anarchists of Paterson, who sent one of their number to assassinate King Humbert, they will prefer the despot, and they will be wise to do so.

We are anti-imperialists; we are therefore in favor of a strong government—strong in the city, strong in the State, strong in the Nation. The chief danger of imperialism comes from those who would weaken the power of government in a land where faction is so strong and where not infrequently the mob is rampant.

To say that the lawless and the discontented are generally supporters of Mr. Bryan is not the same as to say that the supporters of Mr. Bryan are generally the lawless and the discontented. The latter would be false. The majority of those who support Mr. Bryan and will vote for him next fall are self-respecting citizens who love their country and their fellow-men, and mean by their action to render it the best service they can. But the former statement is true. The men who are discontented, who think that they have nothing to lose by revolution and imagine that they have much to gain by it, who are ready to overturn our present commercial and industrial system and take their chances, who are without property and without the talents and the industry to acquire property, who desire to control the conditions of labor in America by means of secret organizations neither known to the law nor regulated by it, who both practice lynch law and glory in so doing, who

repudiate free speech and a free press in the Southern States and would repudiate it as readily as they repudiate free labor in Northern cities if they could, who are impatient of law and wish to limit if not abolish the Supreme Court because it is a hindrance to the self-will of democracy—these men are, with comparatively few exceptions, Bryanites.

We repeat, emphatically, that Bryanites are not, with few exceptions, such men. We do not identify the Bryanite with the revolutionist in saying that most revolutionists are Bryanites. But we ask those thoughtful citizens who honestly fear imperialistic tendencies in this country, and who are thinking of voting for Mr. Bryan in order to check those tendencies, to consider carefully the question whether a vote for Mr. Bryan will not strengthen them. It would not be fair to say that Mr. Bryan has been nominated by the revolutionists, but they have accepted him as their candidate and they were present in considerable force in the nominating convention. He is the representative of Croker in the East, Tillman in the South, Altgeld in the West. Doubtless he represents other and much better men; but the classes whom these men represent are an important element in Mr. Bryan's constituency; and no Chief Executive in a republic is or can be independent of his constituency. The question for the voter is not merely does he wish Mr. Bryan to be President. It is also, it is even more, does he wish the elements in America which are represented by such men as Croker, Tillman, and Altgeld to be, we will not say dominant factors, but even important factors in the government of the nation. The danger of imperialism would be far greater from passing the control of the Government into the hands of these men than from leaving it in the hands of McKinley, Hay, Root, Gage, and Long. A Democratic reader may ask, Why not say Hanna? Very well. The danger of imperialism from Mr. Hanna at his worst would be nothing comparable to the danger of imperialism from Mr. Croker at his best. The lesson of history is perfectly plain, that the danger to a democracy is always from excessive and uncontrolled individualism; the lesson of our times seems to us equally plain, that excessive and uncontrolled individualism in

America has as its chosen representative Mr. William J. Bryan.



The Spectator

It has always seemed to the Spectator that all Chinamen were turned out of the same mold. Those he met in the street, in the cars, and in the laundries all looked alike. Recently he had occasion, however, to come in much closer contact with them, as they are on our Western coast, and he discovered that their resemblance to one another was the result of the leveling tendency of distance; Chinamen, like babies, are distinguishable—when you know them.



In San Francisco there are men whose profession it is to show visitors through Chinatown by lurid gaslight. Let it be said in justice and to their credit that they are entirely familiar with the district, acquainted with most of the Chinamen, sometimes master of a little patois, and thoroughly at home in the Chinese streets and swarming tenements. Naturally they can lead a stranger quickly and easily to the points of interest, direct to the joss house, for instance, where they keep on friendly terms with the temple guardian by informing their parties that it is proper to purchase tapers at a joss house. They have on their list a small-foot woman. She can be seen in a stuffy room at the head of a narrow flight of stairs, and her foot, what there is of it, is well worth the climb. Her elder daughter's feet, although they do not show the same degree of painful care and diminutiveness, still fairly represent the Celestial ideal, but the baby girl, the degenerate of her family, is kicking and stamping about, enjoying life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, at least as far as her feet are concerned. The guide reminds his patrons not to leave without remembering the baby.



The "high-toned" restaurant is visited, of course. The wealthy merchants of Chinatown use this as their club, their bank, and safety deposit vault. They have, back of the eating-room, a heavy iron chest in which they store their valu-

ables. Its door fairly bristles with padlocks, as each of the merchants puts his own fastening upon it. No member, therefore, has access to the chest save in the presence of all the others. This restaurant suggests the limit of high life and high living in Chinatown, and the subterranean kitchens hint at the opposite extreme. Here food can be bought ready cooked or brought to be cooked, and the business is kept up all night. When you have crept down a cellar stairway and find yourself surrounded by ovens, the only light a greasy, flaring dip, the very activity of the place looks stealthy to you, and you think of Dante's descent.



A good guide never spares his parties a sight of the "Old Sot," a battered Chinaman who sleeps his life away where you see him, in a niche in the stone wall, nor of the "Outcast," a neat, harmless-looking Oriental who has outraged some law of the Chinese social or political code and now can find no roof to shelter him, and must therefore live in a small tent of his own making. His only occupation is keeping this tent scrupulously clean for the inspection of strangers. The guide plaintively explains that the ostracism of this unfortunate prevents his making a living.



If the guide is inclined to give his money's worth of information, he gathers his party about him and discourses, *sotto voce*, on the two great Chinese secret societies that hold Chinatown and the San Francisco police in the hollow of their hands. If offense is taken at any of their crimes and they are pursued, they have a hundred places of concealment and avenues of escape. The interiors of their houses are arranged with this contingency in view. The guide reassures his parties that the district is no longer what it was; it is now fairly under control of the detective bureau; the real danger now is fire. With all the little fires in front of doorways, down in cellars, and back in courtyards, a great conflagration sooner or later will wipe out Chinatown and possibly sweep over the rest of the city; but it is practically out of the question to forbid the numerous flames the Chinamen

have burning everywhere to keep off the evil spirit.



The guide has two trump cards, and he plays them last—his opium den and his leper. On the ground floor of one of the tenements, known as the Palace Hotel, from its construction around a court, is the opium den—a room with thick, heavy atmosphere and a couple of sleeping Chinamen. One man, near the door, is awake, and, after a monetary greeting, he smokes for the visitor, and makes what the guide assures you is an opium inspiration of remarkable length. This man is always smoking when parties arrive; unlike his fellows he is never overcome, and is always ready for exhibitions. The leper lives on the same floor, and a pitiful object he is—an old man covered with a most revolting disease.



Farther south on the American coast of the Pacific, not far beyond Monterey, is a complete village of Chinese, a fishing hamlet that hugs the beach. It is an isolated settlement of Mongolians, and the English language is neither spoken nor understood. It contains perhaps a hundred persons, living in low, weather-beaten huts that face a winding street, a street that yields to the irregular outline of the coast. Probably because these Chinese fishermen have little to offer for sale, their village attracts few visitors. There are but two stores, and these are not curio bazaars, but general utility depots for the villagers' own use, where they supply themselves with clothing, cotton blouses of the cheapest variety, black, thick-soled slippers, stiff skull caps, and a few simple articles of food. If the shops contain anything else, the white man is certainly not aware of the fact. It is a favorite coquetry of Chinese shopkeepers, however, to conceal their wares.



The only village attraction of interest to an American buyer are the pearls from the Abalone shell-fish; imperfect, second-class pearls, of every shade, shape, and size, from the tiny, oily looking grains to the great, fantastic, distorted monsters, that are set by the jewelers in whatever design their form suggests—an elephant,

a bunch of grapes, a beetle, as the case may be. The little pearly specks are found constantly by the fishermen, but the big pearls are rare, and the visitor goes along bowing to the Chinamen in their doorways and asking them in baby-talk or pigeon-English—they actually do understand it better—"if they havee pearl?" Some seem not to understand, some seem not to want to. At last you get an answer.

"Me havee pearl!" and the man offers you a handful of mimic dewdrops—the handful for fifty cents.

"No, no, bigee, largee ones," you answer, with gesticulations.

You may not find what you seek. Of course, there may be no large pearl, just then, in the village, but, more probably, the lucky fisherman who made the last find is too typical a Chinaman to exhibit his treasure at all, or, at least, until you promise to buy.



At one place is a jog in the street where the huts stand slightly back, making a miniature town-square, in the center of which some upright boards have been set. To these are fastened tapers and candles and gay tinsel ornaments, like narrow fans with handles. These fans must be full of significance to a Chinaman if there is any relation whatever between their meaning and their complicated structure. The Spectator has seen on one small fan, not more than four or five inches broad by six or eight tall, a little doll attached by a wire around its body, tinsel rosettes, the black-and-white face of an isinglass watch, a gilt lace ruffle around as a border, and out of the point at the top a bunch of peacock's feathers! These fan ornaments are used in great numbers at the time of the Chinese Christmas; then all the people supply themselves for the grand procession. The women also treat themselves to new finery for that occasion, in the form of new headgear, crowns with fringe to hang over their foreheads. The suspiciously idolatrous-looking public square and the slot gambling machine, in one of the stores, form a rather fleet pair of rivals for the small Young Men's Christian Association sign nailed on one of the huts in the midst of unreadable hieroglyphics.

Lord Roberts's March to Pretoria¹

I.—Bloemfontein to Kroonstad²

By James Barnes

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in South Africa

SO long had we stayed in the quiet little town of Bloemfontein that we had become used to the usual day's routine. It was much like living in a place where every corner had grown to be familiar and every person was known by face if not by name. The Club was filled with staff officers each afternoon, and at night they met, played billiards or made up whist parties, and talked of everything under the sun but the war. In fact, it was evident that the war was a boring subject. They discussed the winners of the Lincolnshire and the coming boat-race. They all hoped that the Boers would "chuck it," and most of them believed they would.

It had been rumored time and again that a move was on, and then came the usual story—that there were not enough supplies, that more horses were needed, that more troops were coming. The people at home no doubt began to wonder at the length of the stay. They did not realize the difficulties of keeping so huge an army alive with but a single line of railway connecting it and the base, six hundred miles distant. The men needed a rest also. They had marched early and late on half-rations. They well deserved the extra half pound of beef and the fresh bread to build them up for the long march ahead of them. Besides, there was much fever and the hospitals were crowded.

In the meantime General de Wet had seized the opportunity to make an excursion of his own, and there followed the Wepener affair close upon the heels of Sannah's Post and Reddersburg (which had been startling interruptions). And this again prevented the starting out of the pilgrimage.

When the troops were back once more

and General de Wet had eluded them (as he has succeeded in doing, so far as I know, up to the present writing), the supplies were in, and there was a sufficient number of horses, one night at the Club the officers discussed the war again, which was a sign that there was something very immediate on hand. The next day there was a great galloping of orderlies, much rumble of transport in the street, and all that night and all the next morning the troops and the guns marched out, and the ox-teams and mule-teams fell into the long sinuous wake that kept the dust rising all day for miles along the route of the railway.

I had sent my carts on by the road on Thursday, the 3d, and at four o'clock in the morning I took the water-train and reached Glen's Siding before daybreak. It was a welcome sight, indeed, to see my little caravan camped near the railway station, and hardly was the sun up than we had forded the drift, climbed the steep north bank, and were on our way. We were well in the rear of the army, that had, perhaps, the start of a good ten miles. We passed through the close-drawn hills of Karee Siding, where General Tucker had fought his little fight of the 28th of March, and we lunched in the kloof through which the King's Own Scottish Borderers had made their costly advance.

Still the army was ahead of us. We had passed nothing but some belated transports, two companies at the railway station, and some mounted men of the rear guard. But when we had gained the top of the hill we could look down over the long stretch of level grassland. The railway circled off to the eastward, but the telegraph lines took a short cut across the plain. There were some signs of the battle of the month before. In the middle of the road a shell had evidently struck, shattering the surface and gashing the neighboring rocks as if with chisel strokes. There were signs of trenches. The Boers

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² The editors greatly regret that they have been again obliged to leave so long an interval between Mr. Barnes's articles. It is quite evident that at least three articles have fallen into the hands of the Boers or have otherwise gone astray.

are good fort builders. The wires had been torn from the poles, and at a culvert they had taken pains to remove the rails.

The army had followed the telegraph and made out direct for Brandfort, whose buildings could be seen through a strong glass hiding among the trees at the foot of distant kopjes.

Soon we met the stragglers. Now, stragglers are of two kinds—one learns to know them at a glance. There is the poor fellow who has no soles to his boots, who has marched until he can actually march no longer—sometimes it is the sun, sometimes illness. He is on the lookout for the wagons, and he is generally taking care of a poor fellow who is worse than he is. They don't offer to speak to you; they sit in the grass and watch you go by without a comment or question. Then there is the other straggler who straggles by force of habit—it is constitutional with him. If it is a hot day, he manages to straggle where the shade can be found. If it is a thirsty day, you will find him by the water. And if every one is on half-rations, you will find him most likely at the nearest farm-house. He knows how to bargain for a fowl or to scent out a potato-patch. He belongs to every army, and probably existed in Caesar's time. How he manages to fall out of the ranks it would be hard to tell. Perhaps he does that by habit also. At any rate, you will find him, probably with three or four others of his kind, reading an old thumbed newspaper, or cooking anything from roast pig to an omelet in the wonderful little tin contrivance he carries on his belt. He generally reaches camp after dark, and sometimes, I dare say, he never reaches it at all, and may be straggling yet unless the Boers have picked him up. It is no reproach to a regiment that he should belong to it, but I have noticed that some regiments possess more than others.

Some day I shall give a chapter to the straggler, for he certainly deserves it, and in some ways he is not a bad fellow at all. But I am wandering. The sight of these chaps, however, told us that we were not far behind the army. The sound of a distant gun warned us that there was a game of some sort ahead; so galloping quickly forward and keeping a little to the westward, we found ourselves between

the two divisions, with a small fight flourishing in and about the slope of two kopjes that rose on either side of a little bush-lined spruit.

The Guards Brigade was sweeping in over a long plain as level and grass-grown as a tennis-court. The men were keeping a beautiful alignment. The officers were talking together, and yet not four miles ahead of them the shells were bursting on the hillside and the artillery on both flanks were heavily engaged. General Hutton apparently had crossed the stream off to the westward and had turned the enemy's flank, for, stopping and adjusting my glasses, they could just be seen leaving the crest of the nearest kopje and chasing on horseback toward the green shelter of the spruit. There was a cloud of dust rising back of the trees, where there was evidently a road, and another cloud lifting above the houses, whose roofs and windows could now be plainly seen.

So the Boers had not waited for the frontal attack, that was evident. They, too, had learned. The days of frontal attacks in broad daylight, without cover, were gone, and they knew it—and, for that matter, so did every soldier in the army. But there are professional soldiers in the Boer forces also who are great in a running fight. It was Lord Roberts's intention to try both side doors first, even if the back one could not be reached, and it was the Boers' intention to skip out at the back at the first knock at the side. It was a merry little game that by long practice they learned to play to perfection, and all credit to them, for Cronje had taught the lesson: "If you don't keep the back door open, you have got to shut up shop."

A sergeant of one of the scouts rode up beside me. "They have bunked again," he said, "but I think they have been a little too slow over it. That lot that's just leaving will run right into the mounted infantry; they crossed the river an hour ago, and should be north of town." We stopped and took a long look through our glasses. "They have got guns with them, I think," he said.

"They look more like wagons to me," I rejoined.

"Well," said he, "that may be a Boer trick; they often cover their cannon with

wagon covers, so a battery would look like a lot of transport. Down at Colesburg, they say, they had one mounted inside a tent. Hello!" he suddenly interrupted himself, "Look at that!"

There not twenty yards ahead of us lay a dead man! It was so startling coming upon him that we both checked our horses before riding forward. He lay all alone with no sign of struggle in the grass and no arms near him. We had heard some time back a few rifle-shots, but they had seemed far away, and yet he had met his death but a few minutes before. I could not help remarking what a fine-looking fellow he was—a physical giant with reddish hair and beard. He was dressed in the clothes of a prosperous farmer on a Sunday.

My companion got off his horse and examined him. There were marks of fresh hoof-prints on the ground near-by.

"Five horses," said the scout; "there must have been a fight here." All the time he was turning out the dead man's pockets. There were a few loose cartridges in his coat. "His friends took away his rifle and belongings," he said; "don't seem to be anything here."

Somehow the whole scene did not strike one as gruesome even—the scout's speech and manner were so matter-of-fact. "Hello!" said he, "here are some papers." He handed up two folded sheets of note-paper.

Both were written in Dutch, and the scout translated them. One was a pass giving permission to Phillipus Prinsloo to be gone from commando to visit his home and spend a week. It had expired on this very morning. The other was written in a sportive vein, and, if I remember rightly, this is the translation: "Oh, toothache! toothache! He is thy friend and thy enemy. Have it out in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." I made a note of the man's name and circumstances, and turned to ride on just as the first line of the advancing troops reached the spot. The scout reported to the Colonel, the papers were handed over, and a sergeant and a detail were told to give the poor fellow a Christian burial.

Now, the strange thing about it all is this. Only yesterday I was talking here at Pretoria to a friendly Boer. He had handed in his Mauser but the day before,

and is now a prisoner on parole. I might as well mention his name, for I do not think he would have the least objection. It is Fischer, and he was the officer in charge of the foreign attachés who were with the Boers during the unpleasantness just ending. I told him of the circumstance now just recorded. He started at the mention of the name. "Poor Phillip!" said he; "such a fine fellow he was. He had a'ways fought like a lion. He used to sing well, too. Yes, he had returned that morning and told me that he had intended to stay away, but that he found he could not. Yes, I recollect he had the toothache. A fine fellow! And so he was killed! We did not know." I described about where the grave would be—near some little trees—and we discussed other things. But it was a strange side-note on the smallness of the world and war in general. But I am drifting away again.

Brandfort was a quiet little town that, like all Boer towns, prosperous or otherwise, continually reminds me of the Middle West. It had the church, with its shed and the hitching-posts; there were the little village stores, the blacksmith-shop, and the hotel with the piazza fronting the sidewalk; there were the little cottages with the flower-plots in the front yard. It was the whole thing over again.

Like every other town that we had entered, Brandfort received us not only with politeness, but with greetings. The hotel-keeper—who, no doubt, had been fighting the day before—stuck to his post and doubled his prices. From somewhere young men appeared with English colors on their straw hats, and a few unkempt, long-bearded Boers came in to give up their arms. The usual doctor of the German ambulance was there; in fact, he rode into town with us, joining a party of officers. Now, as I recollect, he was not a German, but a Hollander. I have his name somewhere in my note-book, and I should like to record it, for he was a good fellow as well as a good surgeon. He had stayed behind because he had a number of patients left in the hospital, and he let drop the fact incidentally that among them was a young English officer severely wounded in the head.

"What's his name?" asked a young Lieutenant riding near. It was given.

"My cousin," said he; "is he badly hurt?"

"Shot in the head," rejoined the surgeon. "I am going to operate to-night."

And operate he did, and I am glad to relate that the operation was successful, and a certain young Captain will soon be able to join his regiment again.

The next day the train puffed in from Karee Siding. One long deviation had been made, three culverts mended, and the track put in repair in thirty hours.

When the history of the war shall be written as a history and the contemporaneous reports shall have died the death of the literature that is born in the morning and buried at night, credit will be given to a great many persons who so far have received but little mention. The men who fought just as faithfully whether they were attacking the earth with a spade, climbing telegraph-poles and mending broken wires, standing waist-deep in the muddy water constructing the temporary bridges, or even adding up the long columns of figures under the sails of the Army's Service Corps wagons, will receive their due meed of praise.

The English army at the beginning of this war was, in some departments, an experiment, in others but an infants' school, and in others a social club; now it is an army. It has found itself, and that is the long and short of it. To one who has been with it almost from the beginning the slow progress has been almost imperceptible, but when one looks at what it appeared to be at first and what it is now, the truth is proved that war is not only a great leveler, but a great teacher. There will be some changes yet, for it is to be hoped that the home departments have learned also. But the men who originated and organized the departmental work in the field, the transport and engineering facilities, can well congratulate themselves. Their work has been well done, and they must know it.

Saturday, the 5th of May, found us moving at daylight from Brandfort. Late in the afternoon found us near the banks of the Vet River. There was a fight. It was one of those peculiar fights that is exciting without seeming at all dangerous, or even very alarming. It was an artillery exchange at the extreme limit of most of the guns engaged. The Boers were on

the north side of the Vet among the hills; there had been the usual cavalry skirmish, preceding the arrival of the main body, and then the naval guns, the siege guns, the twelve-pounders, and the fifteen-pounders were trundled out to the slope of the hills and began roaring and barking and sending sizzling, shrieking messages out across the valley. It was a tremendous din. Tucker was hammering away on the right, Hutton and French were having a little action of their own up another little valley some five or six miles to the westward, and the Boers, who had two long Toms and a number of Krupps or Creusots hidden away somewhere, were tossing puffing, shrieking messages back.

They had the range to a dot, and they had a good target, for they must have been able to see the line of field-artillery down on the slope, and back of them the two heavy siege-pieces, and farther back, probably on the sky-line, the heavy naval guns; besides, I am quite certain that the ox-transport and the extra ammunition and supplies must have been in plain sight also, for they could hardly have been said to have been in a safe position; in fact, I saw one ox-team driven down into the zone of fire and kept there for at least ten minutes. As for us, we couldn't see a thing. No one was certain where the Boer guns were. We could hear the reports, and out of the gray-green succession of sloping hills, dark-sided kopjes, and clumps of bushes would come so many pounds of steel and iron, bursting in mid-air into so many thousand separate shrieks if it were shrapnel, or tossing the red earth all about with muffled shock if it were common shell.

A shrapnel would raise a pattering on the hillside; little dust spots would jump up all about. The common shells voiced their own coming and struck here and there and everywhere. Men would go out and pick up the fragments that lay within a few yards of them.

"That's rather close," said an officer of the Eighty-fourth Battery. "It's lucky no men were around that gun." A Boer shell had struck directly beneath it. The segments had hacked the wheels and hurtled about in all directions, but not a man had been near. "I can't see where those fellows are firing from," observed the

officer, screwing up his glasses and lighting a cigarette. "I think they must move their gun every third or fourth shot."

Perhaps they did, but I noticed his guns kept in the same place. And that is what the Boer cannot understand. They have told me that they seldom had an action with the English artillery without being able to locate their position with a field-glass, and that English soldiers did not care if they were shot or not. But so it went on. The smaller English guns soon found that they were outranged entirely and gave up firing. As the horses came lumbering down to limber up, a shell came whiffing in and struck right among them. It wasn't thirty yards from where we stood. Luckily, that shell did not explode, but the horse at whose feet it fell paid not the least heed, and the bombardier riding him merely brushed the red dust out of his eyes and rode on.

"Now, I call that rather nice of those horses," said the officer, turning to me.

I agreed that it was very nice, indeed, but thought I perceived a little better place some way farther back from which to observe the trajectory of the four-point-seven shells that were hurtling over our heads and raising umbrella-shaped clouds of dust some four or five miles away on the kopjes north of the river.

When I left to go back it was almost dusk and they were still firing. Up to that time I must have seen fifty shells or more and had not seen a single casualty happen, although a wounded man with his arm done up in a sling walked in by himself ahead of me, smoking a pipe and to all appearances having his mind set on his supper. I asked him if he was hurt and he shook his head, "No, a scratch," said he; "I wouldn't have come back if they had needed me out there."

Hutton on the left had had some severer fighting, and so had the Seventh Division under Tucker, but that is all I saw of the Vet River battle except some of the scouting work in the morning, but I set it down for what it is worth.

When we see the pictures in the illustrated London papers representing heroic charges, captains with flashing swords directing galloping artillery—it seems as if it was a different country and a different war. I can see tired, bony horses plodding along trundling the guns into posi-

tion, officers calmly walking about talking and chatting, and men pursuing their trade as men pursue almost any other. It is all in the day's work with the professional soldier, and so far as I have witnessed he indulges in little that is histrionic, dramatic, or soul-stirring. In the old days in books he would have said: "We are surrounded! Follow me on for the guns. We must do or die." Now he says: "Hullo! Looks as if we were going to catch it, eh? Think we'd better try that hill."

The next morning, as usual, it was reported that the Boers had left. The huge iron bridge had been blown into smithereens by the accomplished Irishman on the dynamite train, and it took all day, all night, and the best part of the next morning for the transport to slide down one steep bank and be slowly toiled up the other.

The scenes at the drifts are most interesting. A siege-gun train climbing the bank or a shell wagon behind its thirty oxen makes a picture never to be forgotten. The money that has been wasted in broken axles, wrecked wheels, and ruined dispositions by the Afrikaners would have paid for a system of bridges across their intermittent streams ten times over. But a bridge except for railway purposes is a rarity. I have seen but one in the Transvaal. In the Free State I can remember none at all, but my recollections teem with plenty of sleep-destroying memories of rocky rivers and steep, dangerous banks, and at each one the same question arising as to whether you will kill a horse or leave your transport behind you—yet some of the river valleys are quite beautiful.

Monday and Tuesday we spent at Smaldeel, and Wednesday I left the main column and reached Welgelegen, joining Hutton's division of mounted infantry. Many were infantry without the "mounted," for their horses had died by hundreds. Almost a fourth of the whole command was on foot with the transport. The next three days I shall not forget.

Thursday we moved out, following the rear of Hutton's division to a Boer farmhouse, but three miles south of the Zand River. The mounted forces had struck off in a westerly direction, and another correspondent and myself determined to wait for the Eleventh Division, which was

certainly not more than a day's march behind. By evening the last transport-wagon had disappeared and we were alone. Our carts were drawn up by the side of a large stone barn, and a big white farm-house stood perhaps two hundred yards away on the bank of the little spruit.

For months on the veldt I had always camped within the boundaries of the camp, or not far from it, and it was a strange sensation—the absence of the countless fires, the continual hum of voices, and the shouts, songs, and laughter of the bivouacs. Here it was quiet, the moon rose early, we had cooked our supper, and the black boys were preparing our blankets. We had noticed that the house was inhabited, but we had not been there to make inquiries. Suddenly we heard a childish voice addressing us, and, looking round, there stood a small boy of perhaps thirteen. He had a loaf of bread in his hand and his eyes had a half-frightened, half-inquisitive expression. He was speaking Dutch, which none of us understood, so we called up John, my Basuto boy, as interpreter. John is the best servant a man could wish to have. I cannot ever recall seeing him without a smile, and he is keen as a knife. This time he grinned broadly.

"His mother sent him out, master," he chuckled, "to see if you would like some bread."

Now, bread is a delicacy in the veldt.

"I am sure it is very good of her," I began. "Tell him we accept it with pleasure and thank her very much." The boy mumbled something in an undertone, and John indulged in one of the long-drawn musical grunts of the South African black; it ended in a diapason of astonishment. "He says it's a shilling, master."

"Remarkably cheap," said my friend Mackern, coming into the firelight from the direction of his cart. "Perhaps the good lady has some milk and eggs that she might squander on us. If this war doesn't ruin the country, it will ruin the people who travel in it."

"We might get some forage for the horses," I suggested. So with John as an interpreter and the small boy we went to the door and knocked.

We had been informed that there was no forage to be got at this particular farm;

that it was inhabited by a poor widow who had appealed to the Queen, to the Field Marshal, and to the British nation for the protection of her property. Certainly it had not been molested. There were a dozen fat cattle in the kraal and scores of fat chickens in the poultry-yard. The whole place looked plainly prosperous. The ravages of war had passed it by, although the route of march had been within one hundred yards. When the door opened we looked into a comfortable, well-swept kitchen. It was as full of young ones as a kindergarten, and there were three women, all of them under forty, who rose half-frightened from their seats about the big table. One of them spoke English well enough for us to understand her, so we dismissed the interpreter.

They were all widows. The husband of one had been killed at Colenso, the husband of another had died of wounds received at Colesburg, the third had been shot dead at Driefontein, and across the way in the next farm-house, they told us, lived a fourth widow whose man had died of fever at Bloemfontein. Yes, they might sell us some milk, they had a few eggs, and possibly, very possibly, they might have a little oat-straw for the horses.

A half a dozen small boys, who all seemed to be about the same age, came out with a lantern, and we walked to the big barn. The door was fastened with a huge padlock, which the eldest lad unlocked. There were two fat horses, and overhead was a ladder reaching to the loft. The loft was full of bundles of oat-straw! The English army with its hundreds of half-starved chargers had spared this widow's mite with a vengeance.

So we soon heard the comforting sound of our own steeds munching away in a long line and occasionally squealing and fighting over a contested mouthful. I was getting into my blankets when John came over and spoke to me.

"Master," said he, "there's some Boers here in the mealie-field."

That was extremely pleasant news. Probably the best way for it was to put a bold face on the matter. Looking round the corner of the wall we could see a figure outlined against the moonlit sky. He was evidently making a cautious inspection of the premises. Well, to make a long story short, we halted that Boer and

two others and they came in close by the wagons. It was the same old story. They were extremely tame; they only wished to give up fighting and to be allowed to return to their farms.

We had not the slightest objection, as they were now unarmed. They asked if they might sleep in the stable until the army should come up in the morning and they might then apply to the proper authorities for passes. One said that he knew the lady at the house, and suggested that he should go there and make a call. So they all went and we went with them. The widows apparently knew them all, and the greetings were cordial, if somewhat constrained. However, they were scarce more than greetings, and, as they had promised to sleep in the stable, they left, and the small boy with the key again accompanied us. Now, indeed, we were to be surprised; for, unlocking a second door, the light of the lantern revealed a neatly furnished room with one large Dutch bed and a smaller cot in the corner. There were sheets and pillow-cases and comfortable furniture about. Our friends offered no explanation, and the boys did not speak English, so we bade them good-night, and while they were comfortable, apparently, we slept outside on the doorstep. They did not come out in the morning until we were all packed up and ready to start, and then with kindly wishes we left them.

The Eleventh Division was not coming in that direction at all. We could see the balloon towed along some three miles to the eastward, and the rising sun shone through the clouds of dust raised by the lines of transport. An hour's riding and we were up to the army again.

The Zand River Drift was a duplicate of the one at the Vet. In fact, the days in my mind are almost confused, for the same thing happened as happened before. There was a small fight going on some four or five miles to the eastward and another to the west down the stream. The same forces were engaged and the naval guns wheeled out and fired at some distant kopjes from their positions amid a maze of tangled wagons, ammunition-carts, and camp-followers. The advance guard had gone on ahead pushing across the river, and brother Boer had done his great disappearing act and was on some-

where in advance. The Australians and Canadians had captured two guns over on the left, but the main body of the enemy had slipped between the army's fingers.

Some fifteen or twenty big-bearded fellows who had got hold of Lord Roberts's proclamation, and had decided that they had done all the fighting and foot-racing they wished, walked in to give up their arms and go back to their farms again. Seven of them belonged to one family—a father, his five sons, and his son-in-law. They seemed to be delighted at the prospect of returning southward, and, armed with the Provost-Marshal's passes, they started away. But, poor fellows, three separate times they were arrested by other divisions and sent back. They were yet our companions when we were within sight of Kroonstad.

This night I got separated from my own little caravan and slept under a friendly army corps wagon in a borrowed blanket, and the next night at Geneva Siding I had the same hard luck, and had it not been for the generosity of a volunteer hospital corps I would have gone supperless to bed in the veldt. The next day on the road to Kroonstad I caught the glad sight of my wagons in the road. John and I indulged in some explanations, and he has never missed me since.

President Steyn had left his third best capital. Now, as all the world knows, the entry into Kroonstad was a peaceful little show. In the hills outside the town, where Botha had expected to make his stand, there were lines of well-built trenches and hundreds of brand-new trenching tools, shovels, and pickaxes—every evidence of a hurried evacuation. We crossed where their laager had been on the plain. The town appeared to be essentially English. There were women with Union Jacks, young men with English colors, Boers with rifles and bandoliers, willing to give them to anybody who would relieve them of the trouble of carrying them, and the inevitable old soldier tearfully drunk with joy or something else. And at Kroonstad the army took another breathing space in the pilgrimage.

From Saturday, the 12th, until Tuesday, the 22d, we stayed there. Nothing of any moment occurred, and all were impatient to be on again.

We were moving now in three divisions,

and General Hamilton was on the right. Some expected the Boers would fight at Honningspruit, or Rhenoster River, where it was known they had prepared trenches, but the wide-sweeping arms were too much for them. If they had stood anywhere along the line of the railway, up which the main column pushed its way, there would have followed a repetition of Paardeberg.

So past ruined bridges and torn-up rails, over the blackened, fire-swept veldt on tramped the army. Vredefort Road, Wolvehoek, and Viljoen's Drift were passed and no battle. A few shots fired at our advance guards and the way was clear.

We heard the explosion that blew out the middle span of the great Vaal bridge,

but the expected resistance was not there. French and Hutton had already crossed and were in Transvaal territory. Hamilton, who had joined the main column, had been fighting a rear-guard action with De Wet, and unfortunately, as subsequent happenings proved, this daring leader had been still left in the rear to have a little picnic with his devoted followers in the Northern Free State and prove himself a thorn in the flesh of the British army. But that is another story, and so is how we crossed into the promised land and entered the city that is underpaved with gold—Johannesburg. It is the next chapter in this rather disjointed narrative, which may see print if neighbor De Wet doesn't get the mail pouches.

The Every-day Washington

By Lillian W. Betts

THE visitor to the National Capital may have a sub-consciousness that there is a permanent population dependent for its civic privileges on the character of its municipal administration; but to all but the few, Washington is the capital of the Nation, the place where its business is transacted, where leading politicians meet, where patronage is distributed. It is the official residence of the President, and the arena for oratory receiving attention everywhere in the country except where the oration is delivered. This is the Washington the visitor knows, the Washington he sees.

The social side of Washington is unique. The social scale descends from the President of the United States and the official representatives of the crowned heads of the world, small and great, to the tattered, careless, whistling colored boy, who is glad when he has three meals each day, but not particularly discouraged when reduced to one, for there is the promise of to-morrow when there may be three.

The growth of the city has been peculiar. To-day the famous and the great have as their neighbors men from the ranks of manual laborers. The mansion may seemingly prop up its two-storied neighbor, but both are homes. It is this unpre-

meditated development that makes Washington typical of the Constitution of the United States. It seems to give every man an opportunity for the pursuit of happiness. The citizens there, as everywhere, hold the attitude of tolerance, disgust, loathing, or indifference toward what they call "the slums"—the most unchristian word in our language. As compared with other cities, Washington has no "slums." To one going from New York to study the conditions under which the wage-earners live, and the opportunities for child life, the city seems the paradise of the poor man.

To all who have studied the homes of the workingmen it is evident that the character of the home in all but the exceptional cases is dependent on the character and ability of the home-maker. Give her intelligence, a knowledge of the home-making arts, and the gift of loving, and that home will be a well-spring of joy, no matter how limited the income. The community may not be conscious how far it receives its impulse toward better living from this home, but the fact remains that it is bearing its part toward uplifting the moral life of the Nation, no matter where it is placed in the social scale. The conditions and the difficulties of home-making are not the same everywhere,

but these differences do not change the character of the homes, nor their value to the community.

How, then, can we judge of the character of a wage-earning community, or the character of the municipal administration on which each home is dependent? The touchstones are three—the churches, the schools, and the streets in the section where wage-earners live in greater numbers. The homes express the character of the individual family; the families the character of the community.

Inquiry resulted in explicit directions where to find what two citizens of Washington called the “slums” of the city. It would be unfair to the residents of the specified section to identify it. The cars transferred the writer quickly, one bright Sunday morning. Leaving the car at the terminus, the search began. The streets were as quiet as those of a New England village. The first observable thing was the number of two-story frame houses giving evidences of age that were vacant, bearing the sign “To Rent.” The second, the rows and rows of new two-story brick houses, all occupied, and the blocks of similar houses in every direction in the course of construction. Those occupied were neatly curtained, and many had roofed porches or verandas, giving evidence of outdoor family life. The streets were unpaved, the sidewalk a single flagging flanked by earth on each side. This, in front of many houses, was sodded. Young trees, protected by wire netting, were in front of each house. Neatly dressed children passed in and out. Away at the end of a broad avenue some boys were playing ball. The unpaved streets were wholly free from refuse of any description. On and on, for blocks, this condition prevailed. No outward sign of the slums was to be found. As church-time approached, from every direction came the people—men, women, and children. Each house seemed to furnish its quota. The church visited was very plain outside and ugly within. Two things were remarkable—the number of men, and the simple dress of the women. The sons and daughters of the congregation formed the choir. The organist was evidently one of the people. Workingmen were ushers, collected the contributions, and seemed by their actions to have the

sense of ownership and responsibility. Later it was found that the church was free; that it paid the minister and the running expenses of the church by an envelope system, each one trying to give a tenth. The Sunday-school superintendent was a man who earned his living by his hands; the assistant superintendent was a young woman who worked in one of the Departments. The people listened to a sermon full of the wrath of God, thundered and thumped; they sang hymns full of warning, knelt for silent prayer, and received the benediction kneeling. They came out into the spring sunshine smiling and happy, with no apparent apprehension of the wrath to come, chatting like a neighborly New England congregation. Not a syllable that had the sound of a foreign tongue was heard.

This the slums? Impossible! These people, this section, represented what some one has wisely called “the safeguard of the Nation.”

Again the search for the slums began. Block after block revealed the same healthful conditions. Now and again an alley leading to a row of rear houses was seen, but in every case the alley was neatly paved with light bricks, and as clean as the floor in a tidy woman's house. Discouraged in accomplishing the object in view—to compare the tenement-house region of Washington with a New York tenement-house region on Sunday morning—the writer retraced her steps. After a few turns she decided she was lost. At that moment there approached a young woman, who was asked, “Am I walking toward the Capitol?” “Yes,” was said pleasantly, and each passed on.

In a moment quick steps were heard, and the pleasant voice asked, “Can I help you? I think you are a stranger.”

“Yes; I'm sure you can. I am trying to find where the poor people live in Washington.”

“They live right here. I'm poor,” was the quick, sunny response. Pointing to a corner, she continued, “I live there. My father keeps that little store. I work.” Here the name of the employer and the employment were given with an air of pride.

The foundation of friendship was laid. For two hours the writer walked through that section with one who knew the rent

and income of two-thirds of the people. Houses of six and eight rooms rent from eight to eleven dollars per month. Houses that rent for sixteen dollars are usually occupied by two families. Very few are designed for two families. Some of the houses now building are designed for two families; each has its own entrance, and there is an alley for ashes and garbage. The rent in these houses will be for each family ten or twelve dollars per month. Colored people live in the region. The schools for colored and white children are but a few blocks apart. The majority of the residents are white. With cordial frankness the guide pointed to a row of houses at the end of an alley near her home, saying, "Those houses are occupied entirely by colored people. They are my neighbors. We like them. Yes, sometimes objectionable families move in them, but the others make them move out. Come and call on a friend of mine who lives in that frame house at the end of the alley. She is a widow with two children. Her husband was killed last year." The house was a revelation. It contained three good rooms, and had a yard at the back. It rents for three dollars a month. The mother could not have hired space for her cradle for that sum in New York.

The wages of the men in that region ranged from \$1.84 to \$3.04 per day. The weather and other causes made idle days. The wages of girls ranged from three to five dollars per week, with July and August and early September dull. "Rarely any work," said the guide. Perhaps no comment made by the guide of that Sunday morning revealed the community intelligence better than this: "Of course all the alleys are clean. No one would dare throw water or garbage or litter, not even dry ashes, in the streets or alleys. The other people would make it hot for them. Oh, yes, there is a law against it, but we would not wait for the policeman and all that. The rest of us would light on them hard. No one would even try that but once. Washington is only thirty feet above sea level; we've got to look out. We can't afford to be sick. I tell you if the poor do not look out for themselves they'll have a hard time of it."

Slums are impossible where such sentiments and knowledge govern the community. The only institutions in the

whole region were the schools and churches, and a hospital under Government control, for the use of one arm of the service.

The next day a visit was paid to the Board of Education to ask for directions to the school in the poorest neighborhood in the city.

The directions brought the writer to a sunny square, in the center of which stood the school building. A walk about the region revealed the same conditions as those described. Opening the front door of the school-house the first object brought to the attention was a bicycle rack on either side of the hall filled with bicycles. The hall opened into a square space, on one side of which was a bay window filled with palms, making a beautiful background for Donatello's cast of David, which was on a pedestal. An upright piano stood at one side of the square. On this was a graceful vase filled with flowers. Two fine photographs hung on the walls. The stairs to the second story and to the basement entered this hall, which was the scene of fine marching on dismissal. Exits were from the basement story to the street.

The first room entered was that of the highest grammar grade. The wall spaces not used for blackboards were covered with canvas of a gray green framed by picture-molding at the height of the blackboard. On this hung fine photographs and casts. The windows were curtained with a thin material that harmonized with the walls. These curtains toned the sunshine which flooded the room. Window-boxes filled with growing plants were on each sill. The pupils, boys and girls of about fourteen, were clean, tidy, responsive. The lesson was on civil government, and would have put many voters to blush.

The second room was the lowest primary grade. The teacher was young and enthusiastic. A bicycle skirt and trim shirt-waist made a most attractive figure of this extremely young person. The second prominent object in the room was a black-and-tan dog sitting on his haunches beside his young master, a chubby boy of five years and a half. The blackboards were covered with sentences: "Jip has four legs," "Jip can run," "Jip is black with some brown spots; his hair is fine and

smooth," "Jip is Roy's dog." Every sentence related to the four-footed visitor whose presence had, unlike Mary's little lamb, no effect on the children in school.

All primary classes are divided in two sections, which permits of more individual work on the part of the teachers, and is a stimulus to the lazy and indifferent, who can secure advancement or drop back. When the section to which Jip's master belonged was called to the blackboard, Jip went in line, sat on his haunches, and looked solemnly at the teacher and the blackboard.

On a chair in the corner of the room, in a corn-popper, from which the handle had been removed, was a family of mice. When the blackboard lesson was over, this family was the subject of a story, dramatically told. At the close the children were encouraged to ask questions, and sent to observe the family. The smallest girl approached the home of the family fearlessly, and shook it to make the members move so that she might see their feet. Woman is really becoming emancipated! It was evident that the mouse family would furnish the theme of tomorrow's exercises.

In the midst of this preparatory talk the door was thrown open and a typical "Gibson girl" entered, removing her coat as she crossed the floor, and throwing off her hat as though it were a burden. Light gymnastics were indulged in by the entire class for a few minutes. When all was quiet, "Clear your desks, children; clear your desks," was said in the sweetest tones. "Now go to sleep, children," waving her hands as if they held a fairy's wand. "Go to s-l-e-e-p," was repeated in the drowsiest tones, the motion of the hands slower and lower. Golden heads and black, and all the shades between, were dropped on the desks, and lids closed over blue, brown, and gray eyes. It was the land of dreams, of sweet childhood's dreams. Suddenly the room was flooded with the sweetest note—the G above middle C. Not a movement of the beautiful throat betrayed where the note, as pure as a thrush's, came from. Again and again the note was given. Then, "If anybody in this room is awake, and hears a sound he would like to make, I hope he will try." The note was given. When it died away, those baby throats repeated it,

sweet, clear, and true. The music teacher clapped her hands in sheer enjoyment. "You dears! sit right up and sing! You are all wide awake!" Thirty happy, shining faces were lifted. For five minutes first one note of the scale and then another was given, so clearly and musically that it was difficult to realize that no child in the room was seven years old. The class sang "Hushaby Lady from Rockaby Street" beautifully. A story repeating the legend of the forget-me-not was told, and one verse of a poem committed to memory, and four lines of the music. This music lesson took twenty minutes—twenty minutes of perfect joy. The "Gibson girl" still moved in clouds of glory as she left the room. The writer later followed the sound of music, entering a room where boys and girls of twelve years were practicing a part song, reading from sight and without an instrument. The result showed two things—an innate love of music and excellent training.

At one of the schools for colored children the teacher of the lowest grade tiptoed toward the visitor, whispering, "The children are doing quiet work. The hen, I think, is laying, and I did not want to have her disturbed." Too amazed to grasp what was said, and questioning her ears, the visitor dropped into a chair. The blackboard was covered with the sentences: "The hen is white," "The hen lays eggs," "The hen has two legs," "The hen makes a nest." Every sentence related to the hen. There was a sound in the corner of the room screened by the desk. There a cage was discovered covered by a cloth. The teacher raised the corner, and with a radiant face, as though the miracle had never taken place before, announced in a loud whisper, "The hen has laid." That modest hen did not think it necessary to alarm the world because she had done her duty. One by one the children peeped into the cage, rolling their eyes and showing their white teeth till the room had rows of black and white across it. The egg while still warm was passed from hand to hand. Cracked corn and fresh water were given to the hen. The egg at last was put into a tiny basket to be carried after school to a little mate who was ill.

There is so much that may be taught little children besides reading, writing, and

arithmetic! A duck who met the visitor's entrance to another room by a loud, protesting "quack" was the central thought of another class.

The drawing in all the grades has for its theme the work of the other studies. The white duck was supplemented by a mounted duck of the same breed. The class went to the blackboards. A talk on the characteristics of ducks, how they differed from hens or geese or swans, was given before a line was made on the board. The drawing teacher used the Socratic method. The drawings in another grade of boys and girls of an average age of eight years and six months had for the theme the elementary science work of the class—solids, liquids, gases. The drawings were vessels holding water, stones, and lamps and candles smoking. The little pupils showed comprehension and imagination; two depicted a train of cars loaded with stones, long trails of smoke and steam coming from the engines. A small girl had pictured a country road with a stream beside it, and a fence of stone with a house behind it. The themes of the drawing lessons in the lower grades were often pictured stories.

All the schools visited but one were schools in which a proportion of the children came from poor families. It is doubtful if there is in Washington a public school where all the children belong to one class of the community. No school suggested poverty. The beauty of every class-room gave an air of refinement that in itself contradicted the idea of poverty, and without doubt was a positive factor in the development of character, which seems to be an end never lost sight of in these school-rooms. There was no "discipline," for the interest in the work made it unnecessary. In every grade below the grammar grades language was the subject of greatest care, even in arithmetic, mental and written. The sentence work of the lowest grades showed careful teaching in writing, spelling, punctuation, and understanding of the meaning of the words used. The kindergartens are child-gardens, perhaps largely because the theory is not treated as though it were a religious rite.

The writer is not an educational expert, but the memory of those school-rooms, of the happy children and the enthusiastic

teachers, will always make Washington seem a city where child life is respected and honored; the city where the school-room is not allowed to be the

Shades of the prison-house,
but where the child

Beholds the light and whence it flows.

And this spirit added strength to the teaching. In Washington the schools, from kindergarten to High School, exist for the development of the children and not to expound a theory. The wisdom of establishing educational museums in Washington, and maintaining schools that would be models for the whole country, is evident.

Thousands of teachers visit Washington every year. It would raise the standard of education for the entire country to have the public schools of the city model schools from every point of view. To accomplish this the appropriation of money must be greatly increased. One thing is clearly demonstrated in Washington—that the amount of salaries paid has no relation to the character of the work done, for the teachers of every grade are underpaid, some salaries being disgracefully low, even when cost of living in this city is considered.

The policeman is not the enemy of childhood. The streets, squares, and yards offer opportunities for play. In the region where the poorest live in greatest numbers there is consideration for the rights of others, because one's own rights are granted without question. During a snow-storm not a snowball was hurled at anybody. The snow added to the pleasure of life, but it was not the source of bad language and fights.

The charms of Washington are many, but none greater than the happy circumstances that make rich and poor, and all the grades between, neighbors. The one compels the other to maintain at least the outward conditions that make for decent living. No greater misfortune can come to any community than to have sections of its area set apart as the place where the poorest of the community live. Such segregation congests ignorance and protects vice. There can be no positive upward tendency where the whole community is fighting for the mere privilege of living. Schools, streets, every department

of municipal administration, are more or less, principally more, lax. The whole tendency of life is downward. The community that has no part in the municipal life but that of its own section develops class feeling. Class politics follows, destroying the very germ of democracy, and cultivating partisanship in its most obnoxious forms. The churches lose their power with the masses. The people know they do not support them, and that those who do, rarely come within the walls. The church is not the church of the people, but for the people. This condition is not found to exist in any but a very few churches in Washington. In nearly all the churches there is the mingling of the people of all social grades.

The administration of the charitable and philanthropic institutions of the city impresses the seeker after knowledge by the broad, common-sense system which controls them. The institution for the care of destitute children is a fine family mansion, free entirely of the air of an institution. The inmates of school age attend the nearest public school. "It would be gross extravagance to maintain a separate school," was the matron's comment. "The citizens are taxed to support the public schools; why should they be asked to support separate schools because this is the home of these children? Besides, it's bad for the children; they should not feel themselves a class set apart. I trust the people will always condemn class education."

A home for working-girls was found to be a delightful old family mansion—bright, homelike, sunny. The principle of democracy controlled. Each resident paid half what she earned. As the majority of the residents earned but three dollars a week, what this house meant will be appreciated.

A home provided for mothers who had been deserted by the fathers of their children was a *home*. The mothers worked all day and returned to their children, for whom they cared, each night.

These children, too, attended the public school which chanced to be in the finest section of the city.

After all, it is the refinement of the city's administration that is dominant. This is the result of public sentiment. Nowhere are the streets of the city dumping-grounds. Garbage is collected in small iron carts covered by hinged covers that protect the contents from sight. The driver leaves the wagon at each door, announcing his presence by a whistle.

The machinery of housekeeping in Washington seems to run in a natural key. At the market rich and poor meet. The market-basket is part of the equipment of every house. Its appearance entering or leaving a carriage driven by a man in livery is a common sight; as is the small colored boy with the basket, going from stall to stall in the market with the housekeeper. The æsthetic touch is given by the sight of flowers peeping over the edge. "Oh," sighs the visitor, "to live in a city where the market-basket adds a touch of dignity instead of being the badge of poverty!"

To the home-lover, the lover of children, the believer in the theory that all men are entitled to the pursuit of happiness, that equal opportunities are the rights decreed by heaven to all, Washington is the dream of the fathers of this great country realized.

There are policemen and courts, there are crime and poverty and distress, but these are nowhere thrust on the attention, nowhere congested. The children play, but do not keep scouts out to warn of the approach of the policeman. The space, freedom, and sunshine seem to mellow voices and manner. Play never sinks to abuse. The spirit of kindness is dominant—in streets, stores, cars, everywhere.

The sojourner who has searched the highways and byways of Washington leaves it sorrowfully, and is reconciled only when he realizes that to enjoy the pleasure of returning he must first go away.

The Holy Medal

From the French of François Coppée

Translated by Anne Sill Douglas

A BLACK cloud burst five minutes ago and the warm rain is making great bubbles in the gutter. So the Rue de Sevres has been suddenly deserted, and further down in the square of the Bon Marché the little horses at the cab-stand, motionless and shining with the wet, look like the varnished animals of a Noah's Ark.

But the omnibus which plies between the Chaussée du Maine and the station for the North is just turning the corner of the street; the two dapple-gray Norman horses are still breathless from their pull up the muddy slope; and, like a squadron of Roman legionaries defending themselves with their bucklers, the passengers pouring out of the waiting-room march to the assault of the heavy vehicle under umbrellas pelted by the storm.

"On board for the North!" cries the conductor. "Only six places inside. One—two—three—where is the fourth?"

"Here, fourth and fifth," said a soft voice from out the great white cap of a Sister of St. Vincent de Paul. And after closing the blue cotton "family umbrella"—you never see the like but in country congregations or markets—two Sisters of Charity climb into the omnibus.

"Only one place more," continues the conductor; "hurry, six!" It is again a woman who is elbowing the crowd and presenting her number, a "woman of the people," old at twenty-five, in a cotton cap, sheltering as best she can under a broken umbrella the little boy with hollow eyes and a sickly air whom she carries on her arm and who clings to her neck.

"Oh, come, mamma," said the conductor, good-naturedly, the water streaming from his black mackintosh, "that fellow there is too old; you will have to pay for him."

"How, sir," retorted the woman, trying to put a bold face on the matter; "three years and a half?"

"Since he began to walk, you mean. But never mind! the weather is too dirty. Get in all the same."

The poor woman, a little ashamed and embarrassed, settled herself in the only vacant place, near the door, opposite the nuns, with her little boy between her knees; and—ding! ding! ding!—the crowded omnibus started with a jerk and a deafening noise of rattling iron and shaking glass.

Sitting side by side, in exactly the same costume, the two Sisters of Charity resembled each other but little. The elder, a stout woman about fifty years old, had the solid flesh and good color of a farm-wife. After handing to the conductor six sous wrapped in a bit of paper—all the money the poor woman had with them, and that had been given them a moment ago by the Mother Superior, sending them on an errand to the hospital Lavoisier—the larger Sister, with a rustic gesture, planted her big basket on her knees and crossed her hands over the handle. She was a handmaiden of the Lord—ancilla Domini—but a handmaiden for rough tasks, for common work.

Her companion, on the contrary, was still very young—hardly twenty-three or four—and from her whole person emanated those intangible signs of delicacy and aristocratic bearing which can only be summed up in one word—well-bred. Only that painter of souls, Philippe de Champaigne, would have been capable of reproducing the pale face lit up by hazel eyes, with two already perceptible shadows beneath the cheek-bones; and an archduchess might have been proud of the transparent hands with tapering fingers that clasped the horn handle of the old umbrella.

But the woman of the people—oh! those good people, so like children, so easily excited, so easily soothed with silly or ignoble flattery, but who are so good at heart—the woman of the people, the poor mother, had immediately begun a conversation with the conductor, a thin little man with the mustache and imperial of an old soldier of the Empire, who wore

on his coat the faded ribbon of a Crimean medal, and who had found a smile and a word for the delicate-looking boy while collecting the thirty centimes from his mother.

"It is true," she was saying, "he has been very sick, bad little thing! and just as you see me, I am taking him home from the 'Infant Jesus,' where he has been for six weeks. Think of it, six weeks! He is still a little doughface. But the doctor, the old fellow who speaks to you like a dog, but who isn't so bad all the same, told me just now, 'Six months of cod-liver oil,' said he, 'and he will be all right.' Didn't he, Popol? His name is Leopold. And you won't make a face about it, hey? You will swallow it down, that good cod-liver oil! You know you promised poor mammy!" Then, changing her tone suddenly, with a look of knowing good nature. "You've children, haven't you?"

"Three," answered the old soldier, "but big ones now—three girls—the eldest was married a year ago, and the youngest is just setting up for herself."

"Then you know how it is. When the little one began to fret, it was at a bad time—the middle of July, just when there was nothing doing. My husband is a binder, let me tell you; he makes cloth backs for books—he works at home for second-hand shops, you know—but there in the summer-time they all leave, go to the country, the seashore, I don't know where. It took him, my poor little rat, the evening before the Fourteenth—first hot and then cold, and then he began to complain, and said he could not breathe!—and his fool of a father must be amusing himself all evening hanging flags and red balloons and his little plaster Republic out of our window! Wasn't I mad that night! But there! men, they must be always thinking of their politics. Their doll-baby, I say, hey? But the next day there wasn't any talk of illuminating! The doctor came, and he looked grave, I can tell you, and he put on the back of this poor baby a blister, as—big—as—my—hand! A pleurisy! Do you know what that means at his age? Well, I am not ashamed to tell it, we were hard put to it for the moment. One or two debts coming in, and no work for my man; everybody gone, bah! And then it seemed that we didn't

have the right place for him to get well in, our angel! We are at No. 32 in the Rue des Vinaigriers; two rooms, not large, with the bedroom looking out on a well. So the doctor said, 'Send him to the "Infant Jesus," I will give you a note to the house-surgeon, a friend of mine.' Ah, but that was hard! We took him there in a cab, if I did have to put up a pair of blankets to get the money. But at the door of the hospital my man kissed the little one—I was carrying him in my arms in my blanket-shawl—and said he, rough-like, 'Do you go in alone; I can't.' I went in alone—mothers are strong—but oh! when the doctor took Popol out of my arms I thought he was taking out my heart. Then I went back to his father outside, who was waiting for me, smoking; and when he saw me coming back alone, with the shawl hanging over my arm, he dropped his pipe on the pavement, and it broke all to pieces. So we went back together on foot, neither of us saying a word. Ah, those six weeks that Leopold was in the hospital, I shall never forget them! It was in the summer-time, wasn't it? Fine weather? Well, all that time it seemed to me that the sun never shone! Yes, I could see him Sundays and Thursdays; and, in spite of their orders, I used to take him something; a few sweet things, you know, that children like—like that under my shawl—and they used to tell me that he was getting better and would surely get well. But it made no difference; once in the street I cried like a fountain. But I used to swallow them before I got home, you can believe, and not come back with red eyes; on account of my man, who couldn't go with me because he had found work, you see. He suffered as much as I did, you know, while the little one was away, but he pretended to be brave—and once I came from market and found him sobbing, over what do you think? An old wooden dog of Popol's that he kept on his bench. But there! it is over, all that misery!" cried the woman, devouring her son with kisses, "and thou wilt see him again, thy father; he is getting dinner for us, with something good for you. And thou art going to be well, my rat, and grow fat and strong. He has right good little cheeks already. And you will take your cod-liver

oil to please poor mammy, won't you, my prince?"

While the poor woman talks, out of the fulness of her heart, the conductor of the omnibus—he is the father of a family—and the older Sister of St. Vincent de Paul—she is a good woman—listen with an encouraging smile. But what is her companion thinking of, the pale young Sister with the patrician hands, who has dropped over her eyes the veil of her velvet lashes, as if absorbed in meditation.

She is thinking that such a thing exists—two beings united for good and ill fortune, who love one another, and have a little child to themselves; she is thinking that once—oh! long ago, long before her tender hands had touched human misery—she had had a dream, a pure and noble dream; and she found a faint suggestion of it in the naive confidences of the woman of the people. She thought of the past, she remembered.

She was called then Annette de Cardillan; she had just left her convent-school, and, in the stately house of the Duke, her father, the window of his youngest daughter's room opened into the great garden. It was in the spring-time, and she could look down into the heart of a flowering chestnut, alive with the songs of birds. Then her uncle, the Archbishop, had spoken to her parents of this marriage—Lord Cavendale, the oldest and noblest family in Ireland. And again she hears the minor strains of the Hungarian waltz played by the hidden orchestra at the ball when she first met him—how his look had troubled her from the first, this elegant young man, whose brown hair, small pointed beard, and sad eyes of black velvet gave him the mournful dignity of a Van Dyke. Douglas! he was called Douglas! And during six months she often murmured the name to herself with a smile of dreamy tenderness. Yet she did not like—not altogether—that glance, sometimes a little bold, and that hard, bitter laugh. Then, one day, suddenly, her father left with her for one of his places in far-away Auvergne. She dared at last to ask for news of her fiancé, and the old Duke, purple with rage, had forbidden her ever to utter that name in his presence again. She had obeyed, in grief and bewilderment, but sustained by the certainty

that it would not be long until he delivered her; until the day when a newspaper, falling by some strange chance into her hands, revealed to her that frightful scandal, that quarrel in a night restaurant, that duel for a ballet-girl, that disarmed man slain pitilessly by Lord Cavendale with a thrust of his rapier; and all this shame exposed in open court. And the dates! those terrible dates! Then came her long illness, the name Douglas repeated in her delirium, and the glimmering light of the watcher through the long nights of insomnia; then the heart-breaking walks of the convalescent, in the autumn, before that panorama of mountains, up and down the castle terrace strewn with the brown and yellow leaves; and she wept in her weakness, as she watched the poor clouds driven by the northeast wind and torn by the peaks. At last she made her resolve, and, in spite of her father's grief, in spite of the advice of her uncle, Monseigneur de Cardillan, coming in haste from his diocese, she took the veil of a Sister of Charity. And now for six years she has dressed wounds which seemed to her less incurable than that in her own heart, and watched beside the beds of dying men whom she almost envied for going before her! And now she remembers suddenly that, dead as she believed herself to the world, she has kept and still wears around her neck the little medal, blessed by the Pope, which Lord Cavendale brought her one day after a short journey to Rome. Oh! weak heart!

At this moment her companion touched her arm lightly, thinking her asleep.

"Wake, my sister, we are almost at the Boulevard Magenta." Mademoiselle Annette de Cardillan, now Sister Ursula, opens her eyes and sees before her that woman with the little boy on her knees, unconscious cause of her reverie.

Quickly she puts her hand to her neck, introduces with some difficulty two of her fingers under the starched linen of her guimpe, and draws out a little golden medal; then putting the object, still warm from her bosom, into the hands of the woman of the people:

"Will you do me the kindness, Madame," she said to her, "to accept this souvenir and hang it around the neck of your little boy? It is a medal which

was blessed at Rome, six years ago, by our Holy Father, the Pope."

And, escaping from the stammering gratitude of the mother, the Sister of Charity follows her stout companion, who has already left the omnibus and is trotting bravely through the mud.

The conductor—he has a copy of "The Freethinker" in his pocket—would like to make some incongruous irreverent com-

ment, but he is an old corporal of chasseurs with half an ear taken off by a ball at Balaclava, and he is a respectful admirer of "the ladies." Besides, the poor woman is looking at the medal with a moved and serious air. "A Frenchman and a soldier," as the old song says, the conductor, out of regard for the fair sex, contents himself with smiling with a superior air under his gray mustache.

The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews

X.—The Book of Job

By Lyman Abbott

THE Book of Job is unique in literature. It is almost impossible to classify it. Professor Genung calls it "The Epic of the Inner Life." "I regard," he says, "this ancient book as the record of a sublime epic action, whose scene is not the tumultuous battlefield, nor the arena of rash adventure, but the solitary soul of a righteous man."¹ But, on the one hand, to designate the narrative of such a struggle in the soul of a righteous man as an epic is to give to the word a new, though a not inappropriate, meaning; and, on the other, this description of the poem indicates but one phase, and not the most important nor even the most interesting phase, of the book. It is called a drama by John Owen, and he not inaptly compares it with "The Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, Goethe's "Faust," Shakespeare's "Hamlet," and Calderon's "Wonder Working Magician."² The Book of Job is rather a drama than an epic. Yet this word drama certainly suggests, if it does not require, action accompanying and helping to create the necessity for the speech, and in the Book of Job, save in the prologue, there is no action. Whatever may be said of its spirit, in its form it does not resemble the other great dramas to which Mr. Owen compares it. The Biblical scholars have generally classified

the Book of Job with the "Wisdom Literature." The Wisdom Literature was the nearest approximation which the Hebrews made to philosophy. The philosopher is interested in correlating and harmonizing truths, and so adjusting them as to make a more or less complete system of truth. The Hebrew had little or no interest in this process; his wisdom took the form, not of general systems, but of specific affirmations of principles in their relation to actual life conditions. The Hebrew's philosophy was never abstract, always concrete; never generic, always applied; never scholastic, always in the terms of experience. Bearing this in mind, it appears to me that in Biblical criticism the Book of Job has been correctly classified; that its epic character—as the narrative of a soul-struggle—and its dramatic character—as the interplay of human thought and emotion—are subsidiary to its philosophic character, as the discussion of a profound problem of human life; but that this discussion is not abstract and intellectual, but vital and dramatic. Its interest lies, not in any theory which it promulgates, but in human experience and in the bearing of a popular theory upon human experience in a time of trial. In it the soul of a good and godly man is portrayed in living agony, seeking to find, in spite of the apparent injustice of life, a ground for its faith in the reality and the sovereignty of truth and goodness. Job is a kind of spiritual Laocöon,

¹ "The Epic of the Inner Life." By John F. Genung. Pp. 20-26.

² "The Five Great Skeptical Dramas of History." By John Owen.

wrestling with the twin serpents of doubt and despair, to whom they are such dreadful realities that he has no thought for fine philosophies or scientific reasonings. The method of the Book of Job is the reverse of the scientific method; the problem is presented to the reader as one of experience, not as one of philosophy.

The date of the book is entirely unknown, as is its author. But, whatever the date of the composition, there is no doubt as to the time fixed in the author's mind for the events described and the discussion to which those events give rise. It is as certain that the Book of Job deals with conditions existing prior to the giving of the law under Moses, as it is that Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" deals with scenes and events in Rome in the first century before Christ. The discussions of the book concern the profoundest problems of religion; but in it there is no suggestion of a temple, a tabernacle, a Levitical priesthood, a sacrificial system, the Ten Commandments, or to any prophet, or to any events in Jewish history, or, indeed, to any revelation of God other than that which is made through nature. The object of the book is to portray the mental and spiritual conditions of an earnest and devout soul, confronted by the profoundest problem of human life—the significance of suffering—with no other light upon that problem than such as is afforded by a study of nature. This fact is to be kept constantly in mind in reading this poem. It cannot be understood at all, except as the reader puts himself back in imagination into the early patriarchal age, the age of Abram before his vision of God, the age which preceded or was outside of all special revelation of God in and to human experience through prophets or lawgivers. Let us try first to restate to ourselves in undramatic form the mental state of such a people.

Says George Eliot: "A shadowy conception of power that by much persuasion can be induced to refrain from inflicting harm is the shape most easily taken by the sense of the Invisible in the minds of men who have always been pressed close by primitive wants, and to whom a life of hard toil has never been illuminated by any enthusiastic religious faith."¹ That she here correctly describes the primitive

form of religious belief which is founded on fear of some unknown supernatural power or powers is clear to all who have made any study of pagan religions. Imagine that there has been gradually added to this earliest belief the conviction expressed in Abram's question, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"—the conviction that there is one God and that he is a righteous God; the deduction is then inevitable and irresistible, that the way to avoid the harm which he can and sometimes does inflict is by living righteously. Thus life is conceived of as under divine law and a divine lawgiver; if we obey his righteous will and are righteous he will reward us; if we disobey his righteous will and are unrighteous he will punish us. Happiness and suffering cease to be regarded as either accidental occurrences or arbitrary inflictions; they constitute a system of rewards and punishments; prosperity is interpreted as a sign of divine approval and suffering as a sign of divine condemnation. Thus far and no farther had religious faith developed in the patriarchal age. The reward of virtue was attested in Abram's career by a great wealth of flocks and herds; the penalty of vice was attested by the destruction of the Cities of the Plain.

What measure of truth there is in this conception of happiness and suffering as a divine system of rewards and penalties it does not come within my province here to consider; that it is the whole truth no one will believe who regards Jesus Christ as at once the supreme object of his Father's approving love and as the Man of Sorrows. That pain is sometimes penal is certain; that it has other ministries than punishment is also certain; that it is in itself an evidence of divine disfavor no Christian believer can for a moment seriously suppose. But in the patriarchal age this was the universal estimate of the place of pain in the divine economy. Trained in this belief, until it had become axiomatic with him, not an opinion consciously deduced from a study of life, but a part of his intellectual existence into which he had grown from his youth up, Job had lived a virtuous life; and yet he had prospered. His virtue had been real, not formal; had ruled his life, not merely served as an appendage to it. Stung by the reproaches of his friends

¹ "Silas Marner." By George Eliot. Chapter I.

he thus describes the spirit of his life, and the divine approval explicitly expressed by Jehovah alike in the prologue and at the end of the drama shows conclusively that it is no complacent self-portraiture of an unconscious pretender, but is intended by the author as a dramatic representation of the hero of his story:

Oh, that I were as in the months of old,
As in the days when God watched over me;
When his lamp shined upon my head,
And by his light I walked through darkness;
As I was in my autumn days,
When the friendship of God was over my tent;
When the Almighty was yet with me,
And my children were about me;
When my steps were washed with butter
And the rock poured me out rivers of oil
When I went forth to the gate by the city;
When I fixed my seat in the open place.
The young men saw me, and withdrew themselves,
And the aged rose up and stood;
The princes refrained talking
And laid their hand on their mouth;
The voice of the nobles was hushed,
And their tongue cleaved to the roof of their mouth.
For the ear that heard blessed me;
And the eye that saw bear witness for me;
Because I had delivered the poor when he cried,
The fatherless also, and him that had no helper.
The blessing of him that was ready to perish
came upon me;
And I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.
I clothed myself with justice, and it clothed
itself with me;
As a mantle and as a turban was my judgment,
I was eyes to the blind,
And feet was I to the lame.
I was a father to the needy
And the cause of him that I knew not I
searched out.
And I brake the fangs of the up righteous
And from his teeth I snatched the prey.¹

Such was the character, such the previous life of the central figure in the poem, by whose experience the current theology of his time is to be tested; in whose experience the world-drama of life, love, death, and sorrow is to be portrayed; through whose experience also is to be illustrated, if I read the story aright, the soul's need of some other revelation of God and his truth than is afforded by the mere study of nature and of life.

The drama opens with a prologue in the celestial sphere. The sons of God come on a certain day before the throne

of Jehovah to give an account of themselves. They are like inspectors who have gone out into the various parts of the king's domain and come back to report what they have seen. One of them is called the Adversary. He is not the embodiment of all evil, a demon of malice, a prince of wickedness, the Satan of Milton, the Beelzebub of Bunyan. He is a type of wickedness in its earlier stages; the cynic among the angels; who does not believe in disinterested virtue; but who yet makes his tour of the earth with other angels and with them comes, unforbidden, into the court of heaven to report what he has seen. To this cynic Jehovah says: "Have you considered Job, my servant, how upright a man he is?" "Upright!" replies the Adversary; "who would not be upright if he were paid as well as Job? Doth he serve God for naught? Take away his prosperity and see how quickly he will part with his uprightness." Thus dramatically is presented the one conclusive argument against the doctrine that virtue is paid for by Providence. If it were paid for it would not be virtue; it would only be a subtler and shrewder form of self-service. The argument is not formulated, but its force is instinctively felt by the reader, who perceives that if Job does not stand the test proposed he will be proved not to have been virtuous, but only shrewd. Virtue must be its own reward or it is no virtue. To this unexpressed premise of the cynic's argument Jehovah accedes; he accepts the challenge; and he gives the Adversary freedom to apply the test himself; "only," he says, "upon him put not forth thine hand."

The scene is shifted to the earth, where the Adversary's work is seen by the spectator, though his part in it is unknown to those who suffer from it. There is a family gathering; all the sons and daughters of Job have met in the eldest brother's house; Job, as we should say, providentially, is somewhere without, when a messenger comes to him with the word that the Sabeans in a foray have carried off a portion of his property and slain the servants; a second messenger treads close upon his heels with the report of a bolt of lightning which has destroyed his sheep and killed the shepherds; a third follows with the word that three bands of Chaldeans have carried off the camels and

¹ Job xxix., 2-17. The translations throughout this chapter are taken either from the Revised Version, or from Professor Genung's translation in "The Epic of the Inner Life," or are produced by a combination of the two. To Professor Genung's volume, one of the best fruits of the modern or literary study of the Bible, I desire to acknowledge my special indebtedness.

slain their keepers; a fourth that a great wind has smote the house in which his sons and daughters were feasting and buried them in the ruins, and not one has escaped alive. This morning Job was prosperous and happy; now he is in poverty and bereaved. But he does not surrender his virtue nor lose his faith. "Naked," he says, "I came into the world, and naked shall I go out; Jehovah hath given, Jehovah hath taken away; blessed be the name of Jehovah."

The scene shifts back to the celestial sphere, where the cynic comes with the other angels to make his report. Jehovah asks him if he is satisfied that Job's virtue was disinterested: "he still holdeth fast his integrity, although thou movedest me against him to destroy him without cause." But the cynic is not satisfied: "Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. But put forth thine hand now and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will renounce thee to thy face." Jehovah accepts the second challenge; again gives the Adversary permission to do his worst to Job, so that he save him alive. And the Adversary goes forth, first to smite Job with a painful and humiliating disease; then to turn his wife also into a cynic; and, finally, to send him three friends to console him by telling him that he must have been a great sinner or he could not be a great sufferer. So the epilogue ends, and the true drama, the debate between Job and his friends, begins. His wife believes in his integrity, but not in his principles. She sneers at his faith; counsels him to abandon it; and advises suicide as a last and only refuge. His friends share his sorrow, share it so heartily that for seven days and nights they sit speechless beside him; but, while they believe in his theology, they do not believe in his integrity; for, truth to tell, it is impossible to believe in both. That theology is very simple; Jehovah is the ruler of life and Jehovah is just; therefore, if suffering has fallen upon any man, it must be because he has sinned and deserves punishment. First gently, then with continually increasing pungency, and sometimes with temper, they urge Job to confess the sins which he has kept concealed from his fellows, and so escape the continued displeasure of his God.

At times Job seems inclined to accept

his wife's counsel. He does not curse God, but he curses the day wherein he was born with an execration so bitter that it arouses the pious protest of his friend Eliphaz. He does not commit suicide nor think of so doing, but he longs for death, and beseeches Jehovah to crush him.

But never once does he yield to the exhortations of his orthodox friends; never once does he lose faith in his own integrity; never once does he entertain, even for an instant, the suggestion that he make his peace with the unknown God, by pretending to a confession of sins which he has not committed, a penitence which he does not feel, and a recognition of the justice of his sufferings against which his soul vehemently protests. It is this conflict between the theology which had become a part of his religion and this truth of life which nothing will induce him to deny which makes the tragedy of his spiritual experience. His religion has been built on his faith that a just God is the ruler of this life, and therefore this life is just. To him has never come any external revelation; he knows nothing of the deliverance of Israel from Egypt; of the passage through the Red Sea; of the giving of the law to Moses at Mt. Sinai; of the preservation of Israel in the wanderings in the wilderness; of God's patient forgiveness of his sinning people; of Joshua's victories; of David's songful visions of God; of Elijah's experiences of divine support. He cannot buttress his weakened faith by resting in these confirmatory experiences of others. He can get no help from his wife, who has abandoned faith in his theology; nor from his friends, who have abandoned faith in him; nor from any accepted hope in a future life which may redress the wrongs of this, for in his age there is no such hope. To him, as to the men of his time, life is but a breath which man gaspeth out, and then is gone:

The cloud vanisheth away, and is gone,
So he that goeth down to the grave shall not
come up again.¹

What to believe concerning God and life he knows not; only he knows this, that he has not so sinned as to deserve this punishment. The tragedy of his life is not that his property has been swept away, his children slain, his health destroyed, his wife

¹ Job vii., 9.

made a tempter, his friends a deceitful hope, "like a channel of brooks that pass away," leaving but a dry bed to taunt the thirst of the perishing pilgrim. The tragedy is this: that his conception of life as a kingdom ruled over by a just God is shattered, and his faith in God himself as a God of justice is darkened, and at times well-nigh destroyed. The foundation of his moral life—his faith in the supremacy of righteousness—is imperiled, and he realizes the peril. His anguish of spirit

presages that cry of a greater Sufferer than Job, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me;" while he has not, as that Divine Sufferer had, the unconquerable faith, which, even in the hour when he seemed forsaken, could still cry *My God*.

How the tragedy of this conflict between faith and skepticism, between his spiritual experience of God and his reasoned philosophy concerning life, is wrought out in the poem must be left to be considered next week.

The Work of Women¹

THE work of women may come in time to be regarded as an integral part of the world's activities, and we shall cease to have "Women's Buildings" in our expositions, "women's pages" in our papers, and displays of "women's work." The shortness of the time, however, in which this participation in manifold departments of active life has taken place gives a reason for the publication of the seven volumes which set forth the transactions of the International Congress of Women in London in the summer of 1899. The papers presented at the meetings of the Congress have been collected and edited by Lady Aberdeen, and the books form a useful reference library for all interested in the woman's share in the advancement of the nineteenth century.

One turns with wonder from Miss Anthony's statement that fifty years ago in America no occupations were open to women except cooking, sewing, teaching, and factory work to the two volumes in which women eminent in science, art, literature, medicine, the drama, and, in the last of the learned professions to open its doors—the law—testify to opportunity and achievement in every intellectual field. The more strictly humanitarian professions seem to attract the greatest energy and interest. After a letter of greeting from Florence Nightingale comes the record of the trained nurses who are busy from New Zealand to Canada. In the last named country Lady Aberdeen has established the Victorian Order of Nurses, which, like

the Jubilee nurses of England, provides district nursing in every rural and village community throughout the Dominion. The positions of Sanitary Inspector and Factory Inspector are being well filled by women, and the demand for their services along these lines is rapidly growing.

By a curious reversion, agriculture, which savage communities threw upon the woman as unworthy of the lords of the fight, is now advocated as a profession for women. Dairying, poultry-keeping, stock-farming, bee-keeping, ostrich-farming, all are being successfully followed. The Women's Silk-Growing and Industrial Association of New South Wales, with its culture of mulberry trees, was organized in 1894. In Belgium within the last ten years agricultural schools have been opened to women. Gardening too, offers rewards and attraction, and some of the most successful horticulturists of southern California prove to be women, managing thousands of acres of walnuts, raisins, and oranges. Landscape gardening, especially in England, is attracting many women as a delightful and profitable occupation.

The direct results of the larger participation of women in the industrial life of the world is shown by the improvement of conditions and the zeal and wisdom with which they are dealing with problems relating to the labor of women and children. Pitiful are the accounts of factory conditions in Russia, where women are just beginning to take hold of life outside of their own households. One German delegate stated that she had herself seen in Germany children of four years old employed in the manufacture of match boxes. Delegate after delegate spoke of

¹ *The International Congress of Women, '99. Report of Council Transactions, Women in Professions (2 vols.), Women in Education, Women in Industrial Life, Women in Social Life, Women in Politics.* T. Fisher Unwin, London.

poor laws, of temperance work, of social settlements, of various modern methods for aid and prevention among the destitute and criminal classes. No longer hampered by Middle Age ideas of custom and convention, women are proving their power

to deal with social needs. One of the hopeful elements in the outlook for the coming century is its possession of the trained women ready to do their share in meeting the problems of life and to take a part in their solution.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Addresses and Essays. Vol. VIII. By Edward Everett Hale. (The Works of Edward Everett Hale. Library Edition.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 421 pages. \$1.50.

Dr. Hale has grouped many papers and essays under the three general heads, Education, History and Biography, and Sociology. All are fruitful in suggestion, clear-minded in outlook, readable in manner, and not rarely entertaining also. The volume as a whole is one of the very best in the excellent collective edition of the author's writings.

Alexander Campbell's Theology: Its Sources and Historical Setting. By Winfred Ernest Garrison, Ph.D. Christian Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo. 5x7½ in. 302 pages.

Alexander Campbell has claim to consideration as the beginner, about a century ago, of an important movement toward Christian unity, and also as the teacher of a theology widely accepted by the religious denomination styled Disciples of Christ. The purpose of this book is to exhibit his theology in the light of a historical study of it. The extreme disintegration of Protestantism was inevitable, because its fundamental principle of individual freedom must be fully vindicated, before there could be an advance to free organization and the socializing of free individuals with more and more of catholic inclusiveness. Taking as his central point for reconstruction the idea of the Kingdom of God, Campbell sought to secure Christian unity by making the terms of fellowship coincide with the terms of citizenship in the divine kingdom as prescribed in the Bible. Dr. Garrison's scholarly critique shows Campbell at his best in transcending the philosophical basis which he derived from Locke, and, despite the limitations imposed on him by eighteenth century formulas of theology, as belonging to the nineteenth century in his essential demand for religious simplicity and freedom. The book, which has been developed from a thesis presented for a university degree, is evidently designed to promote the modernizing of theology among the Disciples of Christ.

Biblical Theology of the New Testament. By Ezra P. Gould, D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 221 pages. 75c.

This brief but significant volume, an outgrowth of Professor Gould's lectures in the Philadelphia Divinity School, evidences, as

did the books of Professor McGiffert and Professor Gilbert, the freedom to which theological teaching has grown. In Professor Gould's hands this is as conspicuous in the treatment of the New Testament as it long has been in the treatment of the Old Testament. Among many points claiming attention, we note first his account of "Jesus' estimate of himself." The root of the kingship he claimed was his perfect manhood, manhood perfected by his communion with God. "His open vision of God, in which he lived and moved, . . . gave him authority, clothed him with power," made him "a real representative of God." The Tübingen theory, elaborated by Baur half a century ago, of a controversy in the apostolic church between the Pauline and Petrine parties, which gave rise to Epistles and Gospels on both sides as *Tendenzschriften*, i. e., writings with a controversial purpose, Dr. Gould partly adopts and largely corrects. He holds that the Epistles of James and 1 Peter "are too Pauline to be ascribed to distinctly un-Pauline men." But he recognizes the controversy between the teaching of Paul and that of the earlier Apostles, which both narrowed and materialized the broad and spiritual teaching of Jesus. "The Synoptical Gospels, which came from the circle of the Twelve, had their origin in this controversy." "In the crisis of the great Pauline debate Peter must have begun to tell [as recorded by Mark] the story of Jesus' life and teaching. No other voice, less authoritative than his, could possibly have produced this balanced treatment of the debate between Paul and the Jewish Church." Moreover, "this is precisely the significance of these Epistles [of James and 1 Peter]: in them the old debate over justification is finally adjudicated by a decision in favor of neither side, but of both." Our limits exclude quotation from other equally interesting sections of this treatise, as, for instance, the exception, which Professor Gould finds in a pessimistic view of the world exhibited in the Fourth Gospel, to the common view, which sees there the culminating point of New Testament theology. The Second Advent and the Judgment are presented as being continuous processes, not single events; but of the future state nothing more definite is noted by Professor Gould.

than that it depends upon conduct here. He has given us a long-desired book, unfettered, luminous, and persuasive, even where not convincing. Its chapters are supplemented with adequate references to critical literature. Furthermore, its clear and discriminating statements of New Testament teaching give it a distinctly apologetic value. Some intellectual difficulties growing out of misunderstandings would be cleared up by reading it.

Care of Destitute, Neglected, and Delinquent Children, The. By Homer Folks. (Monographs on American Social Economics.) Published by the "Charities Review," New York. 6x9½ in. 142 pages.

Inspired by human sympathy, informed by thorough scientific knowledge, and abounding in practical suggestion.

Comrades True. By Annie Thomas. F. M. Buckles, New York. 4¾x7 in. 354 pages. \$1.25.

This novel deals largely with the events of the Boer War, and is intensely patriotic from the British point of view. As to the love-story, it is a sort of comedy of courtship or "puss-in-the-corner" game of making and breaking engagements. Critically speaking, we find it trivial, but harmless.

Cyclopedia of American Horticulture. By L. H. Bailey. Assisted by Wilhelm Miller, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. Vol. II. 7½x10½ in. 1,054 pages. \$5.

Echoes from Shadow-Land. By Agnes Procter. The Alliance Publishing Co., New York. 4¾x6 in. 88 pages.

Elizabeth and Her German Garden. New edition with additions. Preface by the author. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 225 pages. \$1.75.

A new edition with a very material addition in the shape of a chapter describing a visit paid by the author to the home of her childhood; a piece of work quite in the key of the original narrative. This book has charming qualities of sentiment, humor, and feeling for nature. It is a book with which one soon gets on friendly terms; it will bear reading out-of-doors; it is pre-eminently the book for the vacation, not because it is light in quality, but because it is refreshing and restful. We note that the "Critic" affirms that the author is the Princess Henry of Plesse, the daughter of Mr. Cornwallis West.

Esoteric Art of Living, The. By Joseph Stewart, L.L.M. The Alliance Publishing Co., New York. 5½x8¼ in. 78 pages. 75c.

Heroes of Peace. By William Victor Holley. The Commercial Publishing Co., St. Louis. 4¾x6¾ in. 311 pages.

These "heroes" are the toiling millions who, in field and factory, pay through various hardships the price of industrial progress. With these Mr. Holley is in closest sympathy; with them he shares indignation at the economical conditions which deprive them of their full share in the gains of civilization. His remedy for such injustice is simple to the point of suspicion; it is only to elect better men to political power. A certain flavor of crudity pervades the story—crudity in thought, in literary style, and in matters of technique. It is, however, brimful of human sympathy, and evinces a constructive imagination and a

dramatic faculty to which more culture may bring better success.

In South Africa with Buller. By George Clarke Musgrave. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5¼x8 in. 364 pages. \$2.

As one of the best descriptions of the Spanish-American war was that in Mr. Musgrave's "Under Three Flags in Cuba," so in his latest book one of the best descriptions of the Boer war may be found. The account is based on personal observation and investigation, and is prefaced by a clear statement of the reasons of the war. Mr. Musgrave's own position is that of one who now sees the only hope for South Africa to be in its federation under the British flag; at the same time he is not blind to the machinations of capitalists and to the blunders of imperialists. He shows clearly that there are two extremes in South Africa, one represented by a retrograde old man who has long been President of the Transvaal Republic, the other represented by the financial sharks of the gold and diamond mines. Neither of these extreme elements can control the destiny of the country. That destiny is to be found in a self-governing colony of federation. Though Mr. Musgrave went out to South Africa as a Boer sympathizer, his sympathy vanished when he became acquainted more intimately with Boer methods of government. He now says: "If the people of the British Empire, by legislation, will curtail the monopolies of financial magnates . . . it will be safe to prophesy that the expenditure of blood and money will prove trivial for the accruing good."

L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus, Lycidas. By John Milton. Edited by Edward S. Parsons, M.A. (Cambridge Literature Series.) Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 5x6 in. 138 pages. 30c.

A text-book with an introduction by Professor Edward S. Parsons of Colorado College, a conscientious and thorough student of literature and a successful teacher; containing the suggestions for study, bibliography, and chronology, together with the text of "Comus," "Lycidas," "Il Penseroso," and "L'Allegro."

Mark Hanna's "Moral Cranks" and—Others. By Mul. Published by George F. Spinney, Brooklyn, N. Y. 5x7¼ in. 316 pages. 50c.

This volume is chiefly made up of vivacious newspaper letters, picturing the men and women who voice the growing moral discontent with industrial conditions, and presenting the ideas they champion. The author has met many of these leaders in various parts of the country, and his sympathy with them has generally enabled him to report them as they would like to be reported. To those who believe that the present industrial discontent is a characteristic of the classes who put their earnings into mugs of beer instead of savings-banks the volume will prove extremely instructive. In this country, as in England, economic radicalism is far more likely to be the accompaniment of moral asceticism. The title of the book was suggested by Senator Hanna's characterization of Mayor Jones as a "moral crank." Curiously enough, the author refers to Mayor Jones as ex-Mayor Jones. This, however, is only an extreme instance of the

carelessness which mars a good many interesting pages.

Missionary Penny, A. By L. C. W. The Bible Institute Colportage Association, Chicago. 4½×7 in. 118 pages.

Morning Echoes. By John Edward Morgan. Illustrated. 7×6¾ in. 104 pages.

Short Papers on Nursing Subjects. By L. L. Dock. Published by M. Louise Longway, New York. 5½×8 in. 57 pages. 50c.

Social Sinners. By Emile A. Palier. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 229 pages. \$1. Intellectually stupid and morally offensive.

Tully's Offices. Turned out of Latin into English by Rodger L'Estrange. (The Temple Classics. Edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 3¼×6 in. 195 pages. 50c.

Up in Maine. By Holman F. Day. Introduction by C. E. Littlefield. Illustrated. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 209 pages. \$1. James Russell Lowell would have welcomed this delicious adjunct to the "Biglow Papers." Mr. Day's production is not at all political in cast, however; it is a capital and clever account in rhyme of the life of very plain people "up in Maine," and it deserves a wide circulation.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.

Will you please favor me with a list of popular books on Japan and China? R. H. L.

You will find extended bibliographies about China in the "Book Buyer" for August, and in the Saturday Book Supplement of the New York "Times" for June 30 last. We name a few books: E. R. Scidmore's "China: the Long-Lived Empire" (Century Company, New York); A. R. Colquhoun's "Overland to China" and "China in Transition" (Harpers, New York); R. S. Reinsch's "World Politics at the End of the Nineteenth Century" (Macmillan, New York); Lord Beresford's "Break-Up of China" (Harpers, New York); Mrs. A. Little's "Intimate China" (Lippincott, Philadelphia); A. R. Smith's "Village Life in China" and "Chinese Characteristics" (F. H. Revell Company, New York); S. W. Williams's "Middle Kingdom" (Scribners, New York); Mrs. Bishop's "The Yangtze Valley and Beyond" (Putnam's, New York); W. E. Griffis's "America in the East" (A. S. Barnes, New York); H. Norman's "People and Politics of the Far East" (Scribners, New York); F. E. Younghusband's "The Heart of a Continent: Travels in Manchuria" (Scribners, New York). For Japan: Mrs. H. Frazer's "Letters from Japan" (Macmillan, New York); S. Ransome's "Japan in Transition" (Harpers, New York); W. E. Griffis's "The Mikado's Empire" (Harpers, New York); Lafcadio Hearn's "In Ghostly Japan" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston); B. H. Chamberlain's "Things Japanese" (Scribners, New York); H. Norman's "Real Japan" (Scribners, New York); G. N. Curzon's "Problems of the Far East: Japan, Korea, China" (Longmans, New York); E. R. Scidmore's "Jinrikisha Days in Japan" (Harpers, New York); Miss A. M. Bacon's "Japanese Girls and Women" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston); I. L. Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan" (Putnam's, New York).

1. I can believe the Bible and history, yet when the question of God's existence as a beginning arises, my hope becomes a shadow of doubt for the time being, and I feel sorely despondent. Can you aid me in overcoming this? 2. I fail to understand why we are not having inspired men and miracles as of old. ANXIOUS.

1. We suppose you refer to the philosophical difficulty of imagining uncaused being, self-existent. As to this, we know that life is generated only from life. To account for the existence of life pre-existing life must be supposed. Before all created life there must have been life uncreated, self-existent, and this we call God. We see that it cannot be otherwise, and so we accept it as the ultimate fact. There are many other things which we accept as facts, though we cannot understand them, e. g., that an immaterial substance called ether pervades alike a block of stone and the starry spaces. Many of the truths of phys-

ics are of this baffling sort. 2. In the real as distinct from a fictitious pseudo-theological sense of terms divine inspiration and miracles belong to present time as much as to any past time. There are Christian hymns whose inspiration is not inferior to that of the Hebrew psalms. By a "miracle" we understand a physical phenomenon transcending both our present knowledge to account for it and our present power to reproduce it.

Can you tell me who is the present President of the Royal Academy of England? How should a letter be addressed to reach the Academy? Was not Sir Frederick Leighton a recent President of the Academy, and when did he die? H. E. J.

Sir Edward John Poynter has been President of the Royal Academy since 1896. A letter addressed to him at the Athenaeum Club, London, or to the Secretary of the Royal Academy, London, would doubtless receive attention. Sir Frederick Leighton was President of the Royal Academy for many years; he died in January, 1896.

(1) Has Dr. Abbott written anything upon the parables? (2) Are they treated in his Commentaries? (3) What writer, other than Trench, has taken them up? F. D.

1 and 2. Yes. 3. Among others none has treated them more ably than the late Dr. Bruce in his "Parabolic Teaching of Jesus" (Armstrong & Son, New York). A small book, "Parables for our Times," by Dr. Calkins, exhibiting the social teachings of Jesus in application to modern difficulties and problems, is soon to be published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

1. Matthew gives to the genealogy of Christ twenty-eight generations, while Luke gives forty-three, and there are but two names (David and Joseph) alike in the two lists. Which is the more accurate? 2. Is there any Bible reference to Mary's line of descent? M. H. T.

1. Matthew's scheme is artificially shortened, so as to make three sections of fourteen generations each (see verse 17). Matthew gives the line of the succession to the throne of David; Luke the natural descent. 2. No.

Please inform me where I can secure the monograph on "Games and Play" referred to in Nora Smith's article in The Outlook of July 21. C. S. M.

George E. Johnson's monograph on "Games and Play" can be had of William A. Clark, Lincoln House, 120 Shawmut Avenue, Boston. It is number one of a series of twelve monographs on social work—ten cents apiece, seventy-five cents for the complete set of twelve numbers.

Does Christian Science deny the personality of God, Jesus, the Holy Spirit, also the unreality of sin? W. H. B.

We do not regard it as so doing.

Correspondence

A Critic Criticised

Professor Stiles's article "English Up to Date," published in *The Outlook* for July 21, has excited decided interest among our readers, and has called out many counter-criticisms, some of which we print below, together with a rejoinder from Professor Stiles.—THE EDITORS.

I.

To the Editors of The Outlook :

The hypercritical article of Mr. Henry Howard Stiles, which appeared in a recent number of *The Outlook* under the caption "English Up to Date," itself invites obvious criticism. At the outset, the use of "huffing" in the first line is not strictly justified by the dictionaries, though it may be a "dum-dum" word and even justified by the demands of a jaunty style. Then, too, the language of the second paragraph is not entirely without "confusion." My purpose in writing is not a detailed or exhaustive criticism of the article, but, attracted by a curious perversion in the case of one criticism, I am led to emphasize the fact that, at the best, the article illuminates no principle, and, at the worst, is misleading. The absolute errors noted show only that "popular and pleasing" writers of to-day are tripped into bad falls, as they have ever been, not to mention the slips of "great dailies." The warning from their lapses would be more striking did we know the names of the sinners in order that we might know from how great a height they have fallen. Most of the instances, however, are not absolute errors, and to cite them is a bit of hypercriticism. In some cases the word corrected by our critic is absolutely correct, if not better than the substitute offered by our critic. I will close by noting one of these to which I alluded above. "Communicate" and not "commune" is the word used by the Book of Common Prayer, which is not only a good authority for ecclesiastical terms, but, after the Bible and Shakespeare, is about as good an authority for pure English as exists. It certainly is not "up to date" in its use. If a more general and formal authority be demanded, then the *Century Dictionary* gives the preference to *communicate*. *Commune* is also

given with authority, but its use is noted as "a common one in America and in Wales"—a provincial coloring. The American, Emerson, is, however, one of the authorities quoted for "communicate." The word "communicate" better denotes the act which symbolizes and expresses the union of the individual with the body from which he is cut off by excommunication than does "commune." Even Mr. Stiles, it is probable, calls the person participating in the Communion of the Church a *communicant* and not a *communer*, which would be the consistent word to use. THOMAS L. COLE.

St. Margaret's Rectory, Staatsburg, N. Y.

II.

To the Editors of The Outlook :

It is an old French proverb that *chacun doit balayer devant sa propre porte*. It is especially so when one attempts to sweep away by holding up to ridicule the current misuse of certain words as Mr. Henry Howard Stiles does. He has performed a good service in pointing out some verbal distinctions that are well-nigh lost sight of in this day of quick writing for quick reading; but why, pray, should he in a paragraph that was almost captious in spirit have used the word caption in a sense for which there is no etymological authority at all. Caption is from the Latin verb *capio*, to take, to seize, and can in no rightful way be used as if it were a derivative of *caput*, head. True, some dictionaries do give such a use or misuse of the word, but seldom without designating it as an Americanism largely confined to newspapers, and never used in England. (Vide *New English Dictionary*, Oxford.) Skeat ignores it entirely as being, no doubt, a purely technical term, meaning that part of a legal instrument which asserts by what authority its action is taken; less strictly, an arrest. Doubtless caption was first perverted from its true literal sense according to its derivation by some one with a vague notion that it had its root in *caput*, as chapter, capital, captain, all of which in varying degrees denote headship, and that it was choicer to use a high-sounding word of Latin origin

than one of pure English descent. So the blunder was made. And what a great pity it is! Dr. Johnson once said; "All words are good which come when they are wanted; all which come when they are not wanted should be dismissed." So let it be with caption in the sense of head, heading, or title, because it is not needed and because it is founded primarily on error.

HARLOW H. CURTIS.

Newark, Del.

III.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Mr. Stiles's "Comedy of Errors" is amusing both for the errors he calls attention to and for those which he makes. For instance, exception might be taken to his criticism of the use of the word "visitation," when that part of a pastor's parish duties are referred to. "Visitation" is the word that has been used since Calvin's system of the *visitationis domesticæ* was brought from Geneva into England and Scotland.

TH. CH.

IV.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It was with much interest that I read Mr. Stiles's paper on "English Up to Date." The proper use of words, the fine distinction between two words that may be classed as synonyms, the choice of a word that conveys a deeper meaning than may be apparent to the superficial reader—all this is of interest and importance to the student of English who would make a specialty of the choice of words. I certainly did not expect to find any flaw in Mr. Stiles's use of our language, and so was surprised to come across the phrase, "a couple of dictionaried words." Now I am compelled to take exception to that use of the word "couple." Derivatively the word signifies "a band or tie," "two taken together," "a brace," "conjunction," etc., and the dictionary defines the word as "two things of like kind connected or considered together." In giving especial attention to that word for class-room work, I could find no authority for using "couple" to apply to two things considered separately. Being in a critical humor, I discovered that "The Spectator," whose English is usually of the purest, stated at the beginning of his article that he "made an experiment," and this is beyond criticism; but further on in the same article

he backslid and stooped to the more common but tautological expression "*tried* a little experiment."

A. S. WHITE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

V.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

That man is extremely fortunate who, as a matter of habit, selects the right word for the right place; a fine etymological sense is a quality greatly to be desired. Your correspondent, Dr. Stiles, certainly has that sense. But language is a very wonderful and complex machine; he is a wise and skilful man who knows well its parts and their uses. Sometimes one may know very well the structure and value of the several parts, but fail in putting them together. I have been trying to determine what is meant in "English Up to Date" by "It seemed to me I would have thought less," etc. *It seemed*, at that time, *he would have thought*, at some earlier time, *i. e.*, before the occurrence. And then was there really any volition about his thoughts? Is not *should* the proper word? But then the sequence of tenses is something many of us never could learn; and as for proper usage of *shall* and *will* we seem to be going backward. I really believe that, in this part of the country, *shall* may soon be dispensed with altogether. By the way, did not Dr. Stiles mean to say "At the same time we should understand," etc., instead of "could understand"? Then "to deal a great deal" has a strong commercial flavor, though treating of economic conditions.

HIRAM W. SLACK.

St. Paul, Minn.

VI.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"This incident," says Mr. Stiles, "occurred in a 'suburbs' of a large Pennsylvania city, but the people out there are calling it a 'suburb' even yet." It is to be hoped that none of them will be misled by Mr. Stiles into calling it a suburbs. The Century Dictionary remarks under suburb: "The form *suburbs* was formerly often used as a singular." Neither the Standard nor the Imperial nor Worcester nor Webster thinks it worth while to note that any form but suburb, in the singular, was ever used.

Mr. Stiles laughs at a clergyman for using the ancient and dignified verb

communicate to signify the partaking of the Eucharist. Mr. Stiles would have him say commune. One who is himself a clergyman must know that communicate is the verb of the Book of Common Prayer. A censor of English must know, it should seem, that communicate is the word of unquestioned standing, in recent use as well as old use, and that commune, in this sense, is for the most part American or provincial. Not that an American word is worse than a British word; but it is unusual for one who is not strange to the established forms of the common English speech to rail at those who prefer to retain them.

Case, in the sense of instance, moves Mr. Stiles to mirth. The Standard Dictionary defines case as "A particular instance or example." The New English Dictionary of the Philological Society says: "An instance or example of the occurrence or existence of a thing."

Conduct in the sense of management is unexceptionable English. One might cite Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," among numberless examples, for "the conduct of city affairs."

"Acted as chairman," is not only unexceptionable English, but conveys a shade of meaning which cannot so well be conveyed otherwise. The Philological Society's dictionary brings it out neatly: "To do the duties of an office temporarily, without being the regular officer."

CHARLES E. EDGERTON.

Washington, D. C.

A Rejoinder

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Permit me to say that I am no stranger to the language of the Bible, of the Prayer-Book, of the dictionary, or of Shakespeare. May I be allowed to ask why there are so many dictionaries, and why the various editions of the same one differ? Why did the Bible undergo an entire revision less than a quarter century ago? Clearly, among the great reasons, was the fact that, in both instances, many English words of vast importance had either lost their original meaning, or else taken on new significance in addition to the original. Words are constantly acquiring new meaning. The old is good, but not stationary. It is possible to be more classic than clear, and the true test of a word is

not the impression it made in the past, but the impression it makes *now*.

When a word has "weathered" to such a degree that a new and different meaning is attributable to it, that instant greater discrimination has to be made in the using of it. To illustrate: "Skip" is a good word, but it means more than *omit*. Yet I heard an eminent college professor tell his class to "skip Chapter XIV." "Omit" and "skip" are not synonymous.

Less than a week ago I ran across this declaration: "Scott often suffered for fifty shillings." Does that sentence suggest only one meaning? It suggests *three* to me, and every one of them linguistically possible. The breezy irresponsibility of the sentence is refreshing. It reminds one of Mabel's explanation as to why she liked geography better than arithmetic: "In geography I do not have to prove my answers."

My critics gasp at the reference to "communicate," hence I use it as an illustration.

"Communicate" has accumulated extensive significance. It means more than "commune," therefore is less specific, and therefore not as well suited to sacramental use, however well adapted to that use it was formerly.

For several weeks past, our Government has been extremely anxious to "communicate" with the Emperor of China, but it has no desire to "commune" with him. When the time arrives for the revision of the Prayer-Book, I think the word "communicate" will receive considerable attention.

It is possible for two words to have the same root and yet not be synonymous. "Punctuate" has the same root as "Puncture," but who will say that they are interchangeable?

Beyond all question, less attention than formerly is paid to the terminations *ment*, *tion*, *ing*, *ness*, *al*, *ic*, *ous*, *ate*. The fact that we can understand a writer's meaning does not at all argue that he is accurate in his choice of words. I can extract the significance of a great deal that is inaptly expressed, but I do this in spite of the language used and not because of it. "Ancestral worship" is easy to use in describing the religious devotions of the Chinese, but it has two meanings, and the meaning which accords with the fact does

not appear on the surface, but has to be *thought* out.

A charming American hostess, on the occasion of a gathering of distinguished people, was endeavoring to add to the pleasure of a French gentleman by conversing with him in his native language. Noticing that her lack of fluency was irksome to the lady, and desiring to relieve her embarrassment, with praiseworthy amiability the foreigner said: "Pardon, madame, somewhat the French is difficult for you. I am able to understand your mean-ness if you will speak English."

HENRY HOWARD STILES.

Woman Suffrage in the West

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Referring to a correspondent's statement that the women of Washington were deprived of the ballot by a combination of the vicious elements, The Outlook says: "There is no other evidence of this than the affirmation of the 'Woman's Journal,' whose judgment on such matters cannot be unquestioningly accepted by the student of contemporaneous history." Will you please to mention in your columns that any person wishing to see the evidence on which the "Woman's Journal" based that affirmation can obtain it, free of charge, by addressing this office?

The Outlook also intimates that the recent defeat of a suffrage amendment in Oregon shows that woman suffrage worked badly in the adjoining State of Washington. But a suffrage amendment has been twice submitted in Oregon, first before the experiment in Washington and again since, and the second time the affirmative vote was more than twice as large as the first.

The women of Washington cast their ballots for the first time in 1884. In that same year, before it was possible to know whether the experiment in Washington was going to turn out well or ill, Oregon voted on a suffrage amendment, and the vote stood 28,176 nays to 11,223 yeas. Last June, after having, as The Outlook says, "had the opportunity to observe the experiment in Washington," Oregon voted on the question again, and the vote stood 28,298 nays to 26,265 yeas. In 1884, only one of the thirty-three counties in Oregon gave a majority for equal suffrage. This year twenty-one counties gave a ma-

jority for it; one county was a tie; another voted no by one vote, and another by three votes. The amendment carried the State outside of the city of Portland, as a few years ago a suffrage amendment carried California outside of San Francisco and Oakland.

Oregon is the fifth State in which a woman-suffrage amendment has been twice submitted to the voters, at an interval of some years, and in each case the result has been more favorable the second time than the first.

It is not likely that the brief experience of equal suffrage in Washington, from thirteen to sixteen years before, had much effect either way upon the vote in Oregon last June; but if it did, its effect was to convert 15,000 men to equal suffrage.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

"Woman's Journal" Office, 3 Park Street, Boston.

Aid to Theological Students

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The paragraph in a late issue summarizing the annual report of the Education Society omitted the very important point, viz., that the amount of \$33,000 merely represents the *undesigned* money given through the society for its objects. The larger part of our work is to secure *designated* gifts; that is, those which come to us for transmission to selected institutions rather than for division among them.

At the close of your paragraph you say in one sentence that you refrain from expressing an opinion upon the theological scholarship department, while in the next sentence you state your disapproval. We think if you had mentioned the grounds of your disapproval that each and all would be met and answered by the careful methods we employ. The men we aid are the men in the upper, not the lower ranks. Yours respectfully,

C. O. DAY,

Secretary of the Congregational Education Society.

[The Outlook does not call in question the careful methods of the Congregational Education Society. It calls in question the wisdom of any systematic attempt to give aid to young men in getting an education for the Christian ministry. We recognize that this is a question on which the wisest and best men may well differ, and that there is much to be said in favor

of the traditional custom ; but our observation leads us to the opinion—we do not say positive and unalterable conviction—that the result is to entice a certain class of young men into the ministry who would be kept out of it if they had to earn their own way by self-sacrifice, as other young men have to earn their way in getting an education for law and for medicine, and that while the ministry would lose in quantity it would gain in quality by the natural sifting process which would be applied if no young man could enter the ministry unless either he had the grit and the ability to earn his living while he was getting his ministerial education, or unless he had some friend who had sufficient personal confidence in his peculiar fitness for the ministry to give or loan him the money.—THE EDITORS.]

Result or Purpose ?

To the Editors of The Outlook :

Will you kindly express yourself through *The Outlook* upon the following, taken from Governor Roosevelt's speech recently delivered at St. Paul, Minn.:

They [the Democrats] stand for lawlessness and disorder, for dishonesty and dishonor, for license and disaster at home and cowardly shrinking from duty abroad.

We may assume that this is a fair sample of the "arguments" that Mr. Roosevelt will make during the campaign. It shows a very patriotic spirit, a fine element of brotherly love, and an admirable respect for the opinions of others ! Truly, this country, with nearly seven million voters opposed to the principles of the Republican party as represented by the Chief Executive of New York, stands upon the ragged edge of eternal destruction. According to Governor Roosevelt's logic, fifty per cent. of the voters of this country seek its downfall.

DE WITT C. WING.

[*The Outlook* thinks nothing is gained by phrases such as this, which are taken to asperse the motives and character of millions of fellow-citizens. But we think our correspondent misreads the phrase, which indicates, or is intended to indicate, what Mr. Roosevelt thinks would be the *result* historically of a Democratic victory, not what he thinks is the *purpose* of Democratic voters.—THE EDITORS.]

Hospital Experiments

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In your issue of July 7 is a letter from the secretary of a training school in Brooklyn prefacing an appeal to the public with the question : " Why . . . while the wealthy are constantly giving to colleges and libraries, it is rarely that large bequests are made to our hospitals ?

May I be allowed to suggest one possible cause for a neglect seemingly so inexplicable ? I mean the distrust of hospital management which is, if unformulated and unconfessed, growing in the community both here and abroad, not only among the ignorant, from whose ranks the " charity patient " is chiefly recruited, but also among the better educated.

And not without cause. For not until the lay public receives unqualified assurance that the hospital is for man, not man for the hospital ; that the aim of that institution is primarily the benefit of the patient, and secondarily the instruction of the medical student ; urgently the cure of suffering bodies, and only incidentally the collection by doctors of curious and interesting data, will this distrust be dissipated.

In so saying we mean no disrespect to those hospitals where this assurance is given by practical illustration, nor failure in the fullest recognition of noble work daily done by medical men of single and generous purpose.

A brief extract from an article by the late Mark Thornhill of England may fitly close my letter. After observing that experimentation for purposes of research alone on hospital patients is a thing not to be credited but on the admission of the experimenters, Mr. Thornhill says :

Who would have believed in Dr. Sydney Ringer's and his co-experimenter's wholesale experimentation on hospital patients with nitrite of sodium if they had not recorded it themselves in a great medical journal ? Who would have suspected him of using healthy children for experiments in the poisonous qualities of another drug had he not proclaimed it in his book on " Therapeutics " ? A considerable array of such admissions might be collected from journals and books even in England, where the physiologist is obliged to be cautious because he knows that public opinion is not yet so callous as to tolerate these atrocities. It is not an anti-vivisection, but a well-known medical man, Dr. Yeo, who states that the charge that " surgical operations are now constantly performed, not for

the advantage of the patients, but for the pecuniary benefit of the operators," is not altogether unfounded.

The *naïveté* of the Continental doctors was emulated by the young Boston surgeon who recounted in a paper read before two medical societies "how on more than forty occasions" (I quote the Philadelphia "Polyclinic") "he tapped experimentally the spinal canal of infants whose symptoms presented no indication for such a surgical procedure."

He justifies this experimental vivisection by saying: "The diagnostic value of puncture of the subarachnoid space is so evident that I considered myself justified in incurring some risk in order to settle the question of its danger."

B. K. C.

Local Interests

To the Editors of The Outlook:

There are certain questions concerning the vested interests of humble people to which I should like to call your attention. For instance, some years ago a railroad magnate secured great tracts of heavily timbered land in a rural town, whose inhabitants were almost wholly of old New England stock. Ignorant French wood-choppers with their families were brought in to clear the land. That finished, these ill-paid workmen were left without resources—many of them falling upon the town. The magnate—not a resident—made a great fortune to spend elsewhere. The old inhabitants, besides having their hills denuded, with all the evils that follow, were left to stagger under a burden of taxation and to see their children tainted with a lower civilization.

Again, a couple of years ago a Connecticut corporation advertised for help. Some thirty men responded. "Can you speak English?" was asked of every applicant, and those who could *not* got the place. In this way wages are ground down to the standard of Italians and Poles, fruit-trees and hen-coops are no longer safe, and frugal laborers are burdened by taxation.

If the course taken by Governor Tanner to protect local interests against corporate greed was wholly unjustifiable, cannot great employers be required to give bonds for the support of paupers coming upon the town through the whole-

sale introduction of low-paid non-English-speaking laborers?

ELIZA H. MERRILL.

Forestville, Conn.

A Plea for Prohibition

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In an editorial headed "An Estimate of the Party" (Prohibition) in the July 7th issue of *The Outlook*, in speaking of "Prohibition" in the States, you say: "We do not believe that in the States where this policy has been tried the results have been an improvement of the moral condition of the community; we think, on the contrary, that whatever has been apparently gained for temperance has been more apparent than real, and has been accompanied by the promotion of evasion, false pretense, hypocrisy, and falsehood, which have been far more demoralizing than the open sale of liquor, which has been sometimes prevented, sometimes not, but can always be more efficiently prevented at no such cost by the policy of local option."

In coming to this conclusion you have either ignored the situation in Kansas or failed to secure reliable information concerning it. The large majority of the people of Kansas, including the best classes and the best political and social leaders, firmly believe the Prohibitory Law to be an increasing success. I have lived for eighteen years in Kansas, and am now living in Illinois, and I earnestly believe that "State prohibition" is preferable to local option:

First, because in a town having local option the people of the town have no recourse in the neighboring towns where their young men may get all they want, and the country districts are unprotected.

Secondly, because local option has a greater tendency to group low people into communities where they are legally out of reach of the workers for general righteousness—communities which are unsalable centers of vice and corruption.

Thirdly, because the law in Kansas has shown that the making of liquor-selling illegal is the making of liquor-drinking dishonorable, keeping large numbers of people from this dangerous habit. If a man will drink, there are no side entrances through which he can drag his family in after him.

J. H.

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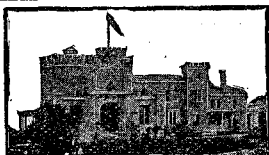
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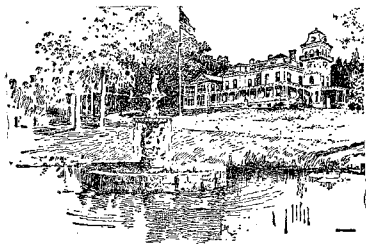
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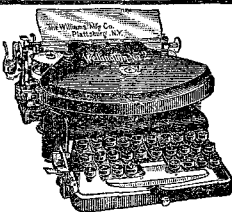
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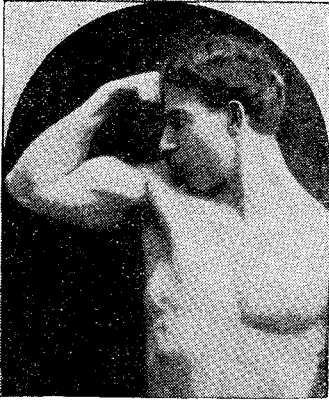
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